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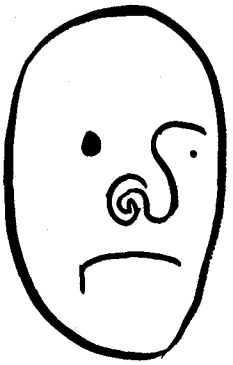

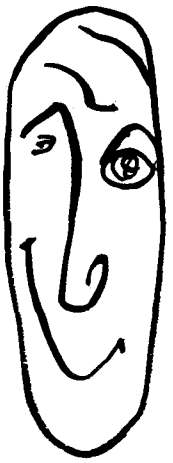

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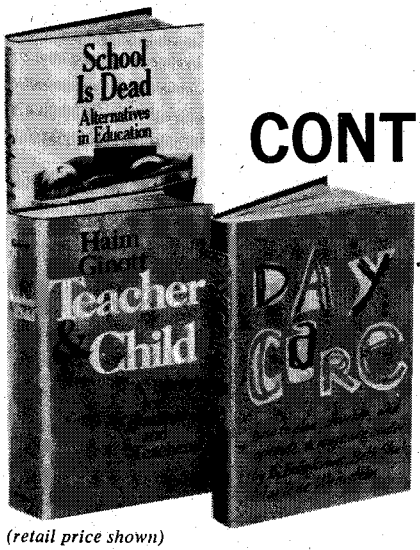

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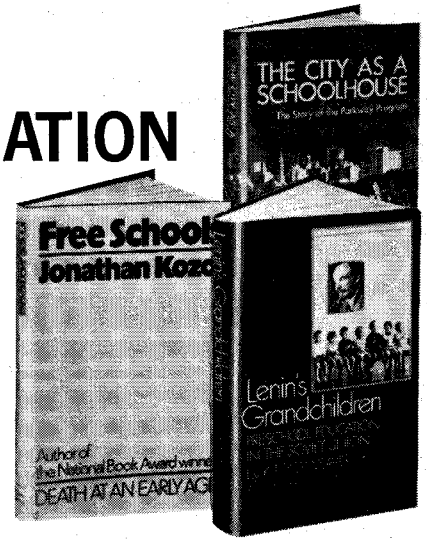

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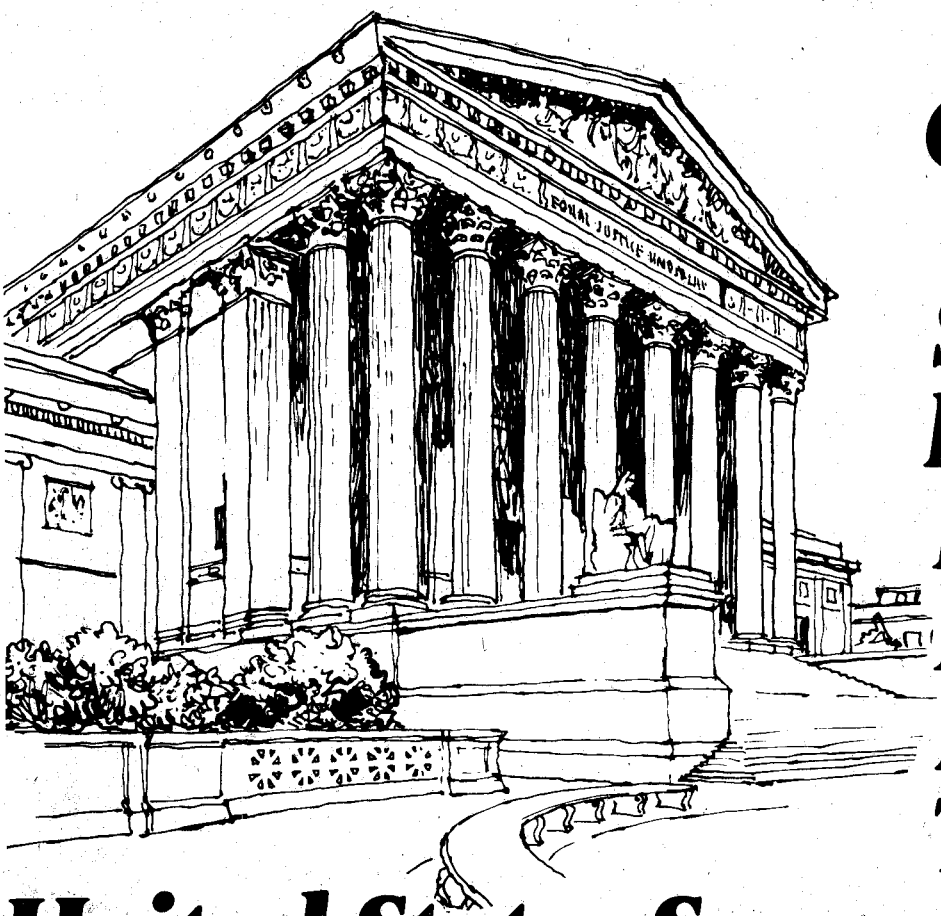

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from Washington ®
October 14, 1972

Nader and Goliath

There sat Mahatma Gandhi in a loin cloth under a banyan tree in India. Only it wasn't Gandhi, it was Ralph Nader, not in a loin cloth and not in India but in the Sheraton Carlton hotel for eggs and bacon with a group of doubting and ultimately awed Washington newsmen. For a little while until they got out again into the traffic stream of reality in Washington—capital of a nation suffering from moral fatigue—they Believed. They rubbed their eyes; those cynics had seen a dream.

Yes, Ralph Nader says Congress doesn't have to be the way it is; that it can be made what it is supposed to be, a dynamic, vigorous, lively voice in Washington, freed from the dominance of corporate lobbyists and the Executive to which it has been slowly abdicating power for 50 years. And if anybody can bring Congress back Nader can. See what he did to General Motors.

A more improbable figure in materialistic America rarely existed. Mahatma Gandhi?—maybe the comparison is far-fetched but there is the same simplicity of the saint and worldly wisdom of the serpent.

Nader, 38, is tall, thin, stooped, six-feet-four, spidery, slightly swarthy, Lebanese with a large nose, sensitive mouth (with a comical twist in it) and a permanent 10:30 o'clock shadow. He has dark, intense, deep-set eyes under dark curly hair and when he talks he is immediately absorbed in his subject and delivers his thoughts, from a passionately convinced intelligence, with quick, eager movements of his long artistic fingers and mobile face. He lives in lodgings and is as un-American as can be: he has no house, no car and no wife. Women want to mother him because of a small-boy quality.

What do enemies fault in this man? Anyone with such pretensions to virtue creates skepticism automatically, he *must* have feet of clay! Avarice? He is financing this $200,000 survey of Congress out of his own pocket from lecture fees and writings. He tells me he lives on $5000 a year; he can't remember taking a holiday. Sex? It seems doubtful; he is a kind of secular priest of the sect of consumerism, enjoying it immensely, devoid of greed, beyond influence. Power? Here it may be, is his Achilles' heel, but that is just a surmise; one cannot guess where such a man will wind up because there have been so few such men in Washington; let alone Galahads who actually knocked off Capitol Hill dragons. *Fortune* writes, "He is chiefly responsible for the passage of at least six major laws." His ideas of devoted public service are as intoxicating to young men fresh out of law school as the scent of a girl's perfume. Nader is the father of a whole new school of public service law firms.

The new book from the Nader organization, *Who Runs Congress?* (306 pp, Bantam, $1.95), has a lot of good stuff in it and will be followed in a fortnight by the real opus, 490 profiles of members of Congress, 24 to 32 pages each, which may be something of a bombshell. Some stuffed shirts find the impertinence of the Nader group in writing about congressmen as though they were human almost beyond endurance.

The fact is that Washington is overdue for the kind of muckraking that newspapers have almost forgotten how to turn out. Corruption today is of a different kind. It is not freebooters and robber barons any more, operating outside the system; it is the cozy relationship of corporate lobbyists and politicians operating in the system, taking it for granted that government should be run in the interest of the affluent. Generally the payoff is the campaign contribution; for example, in 1968 oil company executives put up $800,000 and 93 percent of it went to the Republicans. Today we know the administration amassed $10 million from anonymous wellwishers, presumably corporate, just before the April deadline requiring full disclosure. We know that the Department of Agriculture as a matter of routine notified the big international grain dealers in the Russian wheat deal of a policy change that would skyrocket prices before it ever told the farmers or consumers. We know that the oil import quota costs consumers $5 billion a year, although Mr. Nixon's own cabinet task force recommended abolishing it, not merely because it fed inflation but because it is a danger to US defense in war by depleting strategic domestic oil reserves. Profits come first.

The power is oozing out of Congress because it will not put its own house in order. That is Nader's theme. It is not a partisan matter. Democrats are often indistinguishable from Republicans. Mr. Nixon has just let us know, through Spiro Agnew, for example, that he will not oppose reelection of Senator Eastland of Mississippi, chairman of the powerful Judiciary Committee and a beneficiary of farm subsidies for not growing cotton; Eastland, it turns out, has "stood four-square with many important administration programs." So his GOP opponent can't expect White House support.

The nation is fed up on Watergates and ITT rakeoffs, on Vietnam bombings, on the problems of the poor and the cities. It wants to be let alone. It is the dullest, dreariest, strangest presidential election in history. Thumbing through an old copy of the *Saturday Evening Post* (June 27, 1964) I found an eloquent demand that President Johnson should debate challenger Goldwater on TV: "I believe the strongest argument for debates is that they make candidates put on a better campaign, with the result that the man who wins becomes a better president. . . . I am convinced that TV debates are essential." Who wrote that? Why, our Richard Nixon, to be sure, between jobs; the same who won't debate today because he is so busy with affairs of state. At first we found the switch amusing, then it just seemed one more sour joke; after all, what position hasn't he switched?

So that's where Nader comes in. He isn't sour; he isn't cynical; he thinks he can take Congress and make something of it. He reports that a Maryland congressman was being considered for the Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee and was asked, "What's your position on tobacco?" He replied, "I don't smoke," and lost the appointment. He notes that, what with seniority, the average congressman newly elected this November will have to wait 41 years to chair the House Appropriations Committee. Nader's Raiders are probing Congress for items like that and we can see nothing but good coming from it.

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Divvying Up The Dollars

The federal government is no stranger to subsidies to states and cities—road and school building, food and medical care, disaster relief, manpower training, equipment for local police forces, even sewage disposal. But general revenue sharing, an idea fathered in the mid-'60s by economists Joseph Pechman and Walter Heller, adopted by President Nixon and now approved by Congress, *is* a new departure. Most congressmen probably would not have sanctioned it had their feet not been put to the fire by frantic mayors and governors. Congress does not gladly give up its authority to decide how federal dollars are to be spent. Now, for the first time, it has accepted the principle that a fixed amount of federal funds—$6 billion a year for the next five years—will be shared with the states and localities—not for any congressionally defined purposes, not with any strings attached, but for whatever the recipients may have in mind.

The Revenue Sharing Act of 1972 has been attacked on several grounds. The criticism on principle is that responsibility for raising money ought not to be separated from responsibility for deciding into which pockets it is to go. The chief public fund-raiser (Congress), so it is argued, should jealously guard its right to determine and keep watch over how its funds are being used, no matter who the disbursing officers are: the power to tax and the power to allocate tax monies for specific programs are, or should be indivisible, and Congress cannot be held politically accountable by the people if it surrenders that principle. But political accountability has not been jettisoned by the Revenue Sharing Act, for Congress is not the only institution of government that is judged at regular intervals by the people. So are governors, mayors, county boards of supervisors, state legislatures, city councils. Some students of government go so far as to suggest that the accountability of politicians to their constituents is in inverse ratio to the distance they are from their constitutents. At any rate, most of the revenues that are to be shared will be in the hands of officials who live amongst the people the revenues are intended to benefit.

A more pragmatic criticism of the act has been made by Senator Gaylord Nelson (D, Wisc.). He is not against it in theory; he has suggested that revenue sharing is an idea whose time has passed,

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though it may come again. The senator noted that the proposal was first put forward in a period when it was anticipated that the natural growth of the economy would produce an excess of federal revenues over federal expenditures, and that this "dividend" ought to be distributed among states and localities as a means of keeping the economy from slowing down. Instead of surpluses, however, record-breaking deficits have developed, roughly $30 billion this fiscal year, partly because of the persistence of the Vietnam war, partly because Congress has found it so congenial to cut taxes. The "real gut issue that no one wants to talk about," Nelson said on the Senate floor, is "where the hell do we get the money to pay for it [revenue sharing]?" Since Congress has no intention of raising taxes this year, and since Mr. Nixon has let it be known that, if reelected, he does not propose to boost taxes, the answer to Senator Nelson is obvious: it will come out of the deficit. But what financing other than deficit financing would be appropriate, given our high rate of unemployment and the country's monumental need for larger public investment in housing, health and a cleaner environment?

The Revenue Sharing Act has not come at the best of times. It would have been better had it been adopted earlier and under different circumstances. It would have been better had it been preceded by a federal income maintenance program, along the lines recommended by Sen. Ribicoff, which would relieve cities and states of much of the welfare burden that is beginning to break their backs. It would have been better if the act had been passed before the federal deficit had soared so high, before Congress had further diminished its revenues by the tax cuts of 1965, 1969 and 1971. But this criticism relates to what should have been done, not to what ought to be done now. In this instance, the maxim of better late than never is applicable.

Another argument against the act as approved centers on an amendment that it incorporates, penalizing metropolitan areas by imposing a ceiling of $2.5 billion in federal funds for "social services." But Congress would have done that anyway. Once it woke up to the fact that, almost by inadvertence, it had in 1967 committed itself to give $3 for every $1 put up by localities for the "aid of past, present, or potential welfare recipients," it was determined to cap that gusher. By doing so, however, it has seemed to give with one hand and take away with the other. Some of the most hard-pressed communities will next year have a net loss in federal aid, since the money they are to receive from revenue sharing will be less than what they would have got from three-to-one matching grants. That will impose severe hardships that Congress will have to attend to. The Revenue Sharing Act allocates about $4 billion out of the $6 billion next year to localities. But federal expenditures for these social services programs were expected to reach $4.8 billion this year and much more later, and they have financed child care centers, drug addiction clinics, aid to the mentally and physically handicapped. As a result, harassed cities such as Newark, Cleveland, Los Angeles and the District of Columbia can anticipate a net reduction of aid ranging from $2.3 to $5 million annually in the years ahead, below previously programmed levels.

The irony of it is that it is the cities hurt worst that have been the loudest in clamoring for revenue sharing. They did not anticipate that it would be accompanied by a reduction in the social services payments. In Washington, DC the effect will be especially painful. The District's $49.5 million budget for social services will have to be cut by about 80 percent. In New York City, Mayor Lindsay has warned that the new ceiling will necessitate slicing social services from 37 to 55 percent, the closing of day care and senior citizen centers and wiping out much of the city-run methadone maintenance programs for drug addicts. The cries of the cities are not bogus; there's a real wolf at the door. But as noted, if Congress had rejected revenue sharing, the cities would have been poorer, for it certainly would *not* have rejected a ceiling on these social services grants. They would have been left without the benefits of either program.

Finally, it should be said that an unspoken fear about revenue sharing may be the deepest one of all. It is thought by many that local and state governments cannot be trusted to put untied federal subsidies to good use, since these local units are often corrupt, racially biased, or beholden to all kinds of business or other pressures. In this view, the way to make sure that the poor and minorities get their just due is to bypass local government, channeling federal aid directly to the neediest and least favored. There is some truth in this profoundly antidemocratic view that the national government is more compassionate and more disinterested than interest-ridden parochial local politicians; no one who observes the ways of some of our state legislatures can doubt it. But it is a view that, in the long run, weakens our federal system, with its separation of powers and its dependence upon healthy, smaller units of government. The merit of revenue sharing is precisely that the man who wears the shoe knows best where it pinches, and that in this vast and varied country, the shoe pinches quite differently in New York and in Montana.

For all the loopholes in its tax laws, the federal government is our most progressive, efficient and powerful raiser of revenues, thus the wisdom of centralizing the collecting of public monies. But decentralizing the spending of it can strengthen self-government. Power may corrupt, but it may breed responsibility, too. And no power quite matches the power to spend.

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Japan Steps Out

The simplicity of the agreement between Peking and Tokyo belies its true significance, which goes far beyond the termination of an undeclared war begun at the Marco Polo bridge 41 years ago. As the Japanese foreign ministry announced, with Prime Minister Tanaka's signature to the Sino-Japanese communiqué the 1952 peace treaty with Nationalist China was "considered to have expired." Thus ended the arranged marriage between Tokyo and Taipei forced by Washington in the heyday of "containment" and reaffirmed only two years ago by President Nixon and Prime Minister Sato.

Unmentioned but not unnoticed in all three capitals was the simultaneous expiration of US base rights in Japan for use in conjunction with the defense of Taiwan. To be sure, the mainland People's Liberation Army shows no sign of preparing to attack the island, lacking even a credible capability to sustain a successful invasion across that 100 miles of water. However, the fiction of a justifiable US defense commitment, the final formal encumbrance that ties the US to Taiwan, now rests primarily on our air and naval bases in the Philippines. And there, President Marcos' manic suppression of political opposition reveals how fragile is the context within which our armed forces operate in this heritage of American colonialism.

Chinese Nationalist considerations aside, Chou-En-lai and Tanaka struck a good bargain. "Complying with Article 8 of the Potsdam Proclamation," Japan "fully understands and respects" Peking's insistence that "Taiwan is an inalienable part of the People's Republic of China." In return, Peking "renounces its demand for war indemnities from Japan." The latter was no small concession. Japan's past acknowledgment of reparation claims in the Philippines and Indonesia, albeit transmitted in the form of economic assistance, posed an uncomfortable precedent for Tanaka. The situation was further complicated by the nearly one billion dollars of Japanese trade with Taiwan and the massive level of Japanese investment there. Peking could make good its heretofore theoretical demand that any firm trading with China must terminate all trade and investment with Taiwan. This threat, coupled with the prospective takeover of the island itself, made for effective leverage on Tokyo's political position. Presumably, however, Tanaka won more than a renunciation of Chinese reparations claims and brought back some kind of reassurance on Japan's continued economic interests in Taiwan.

Beyond the tangible gains, Tanaka also brought back a new stature for Japan. In going decisively beyond the cautious limits of the Chou-Nixon declaration, Japan has stepped out of its submissive secondary role behind the United States and has reestablished its historic independence as a major Asian power in its own right. This should not be confused with capitulation to China as some critics contend. Peking probably did not demand and Tokyo would not accept renunciation of the US-Japan security treaty. Yet, historical ironies abound, not the least of which is the prime minister's name, recalling the notorious and probably apocryphal "Tanaka Memorial" that won wide circulation in the 1930s as the ostensible Japanese plan for world conquest, beginning with China. Again, only hours after the tumultuous Shanghai celebrations of the communiqué—in the city renowned for its heroic but futile resistance to Japanese bombardment—came Bonn's announcement that West Germany would establish diplomatic relations with Peking. This closed the final chapter on the ill-fated Tripartite Pact which linked Nazi Germany, Fascist Italy, and Imperial Japan in global aggrandizement.

In an early toast, Prime Minister Tanaka symbolically remarked, "It is autumn." The leaves of diplomatic relations are falling from the Taiwan tree, yet somehow its nakedness seems no embarrassment for the Nixon administration, anxious to have it both ways at home at least until the elections. While liberals continue to mutter grudging praise for the President's trip to Peking, conservatives console themselves with our continued commitment to Taipei. But the "moment of truth" arrived with Tanaka's bold move. The United States cannot have it both ways if it genuinely wants to normalize relations with China. Washington cannot continue to maintain thousands of troops, strategic bomber bases, military advisory missions and intelligence collection centers on Taiwan and simultaneously establish permanent representation in Peking. Any pretense to the contrary is a calculated deceit. The longer the US persists in its present ambivalence, the more it is gambling on unforeseeable political developments on both sides of the Taiwan Strait to somehow save it the final embarrassment of ending, once and for all, US involvement in the Chinese civil war. If "Occidental face" is what troubles Mr. Nixon, he might take some lessons from the Japanese.

Contributing to Candidates

For years, hundreds of major corporations have been quietly running highly organized, voluntary political fund drives, the money coming from executives and other employees and doled out to federal, state and local candidates who could be expected to do the companies some good. Unions have been doing the same thing—but with one difference. The unions reported publicly on their activities under the old Corrupt Practices Act; most of the corporations did not. But since April 7, when the law sanctioning corporate giving took effect, hundreds of companies have

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for the first time come forward with public reports.

Common Cause—which has taken a bearlike hold on the campaign fund reform issue—viewed this with alarm and in May filed suit against TRW, Inc., a major defense contractor which also has one of the biggest funds (over $100,000 most election years). To Common Cause lawyers, TRW was violating another provision of the new law, one that prohibits government contractors from making political contributions. TRW, which hadn't much liked the idea of filing reports anyway, quickly agreed to dissolve its fund and return some $17,000 already collected from its employees. Common Cause was jubilant and announced it would move against other companies—who reportedly would be just as happy as TRW to put their now-visible funds out of operation.

Alas, dissolving funds doesn't mean the corporations are dropping out of the political game. There are still giant companies that stay in, but play the game more subtly than TRW. They call executive luncheons at which the board chairman or group vice president or, more likely, the vice president for government affairs, lets it be known who deserves support. The luncheons or phone calls—nothing in writing—may come as often as weekly in an election year. The beauty of that informal system, to the corporation and the receiving candidate, is that no one knows of the corporate involvement. From the public's point of view, the organized fund is better, for it at least has to be reported under the new law. The Common Cause TRW victory could easily result in driving contributions underground.

If that weren't enough, Common Cause also has made it known that it is looking into whether unions which receive federal money for work training programs would also be barred as contributors. Union money is an important source of union power on Capitol Hill, and no group is more ready to fight than labor leaders when someone begins sniffing at their campaign fund-raising. "After all," as one Democrat put it, "they can't call the workers to the local country club and decide who they all will put their money on. Only the corporations can do that." So it is not surprising that the union position is supported by liberal Democrats, including many of the Democratic Study Group hierarchy, who receive a good deal of labor support.

Ironically, the man the unions and the liberal Democrats needed to bail them out was none other than Representative Wayne Hays, chairman of the House Administration Committee and a man who would very much like to go back to the old pre-1972 system of campaign fund nonreporting. It was Hays who maneuvered the special rule that permitted the House to vote October 2 to remove corporations and unions from the section of the law which applies to government contractors, thus restoring the situation that existed before the Common Cause-TRW suit.

The Nixon Watch

Up the Wall

Readers say in letters that they are variously shocked, angered, horrified, insulted, devastated, dismayed and appalled by my confession in this journal's September 9 issue that I stood within 10 feet of Mr. Nixon at a press conference in California and didn't even try to ask him a simple and obvious question about the bugging of the Democratic Party's Washington headquarters. The complainants raise a subject that other people including Senator McGovern, President Nixon and David Broder, a political reporter and columnist for *The Washington Post*, have also raised. The subject is the nature of the responsibility of reporters who specialize in the coverage of Richard Nixon now that he is both an incumbent President and a candidate for reelection. Senator McGovern says that reporters should be telling the country that the President hides from public debate, lies to handpicked crowds, and refuses to hold press conferences and answer questions that should be put to him and answered. Mr. Nixon says in effect that reporters should recognize the justice of his claim that at this stage of the 1972 campaign his first responsibility is to do his job as President of the United States and accept without cavil his statement that "I shall campaign only when I conclude it will not interfere with doing the job the people elected me to do." David Broder, one of the best political reporters in the business, writes that "the Nixon entourage seems to be stifling the kind of dialogue that has in the past been thought to be the heart of a presidential campaign" and argues that "the press of the country ought to be calling Mr. Nixon on this—not for George McGovern's sake but for the sake of its own tattered reputation and for the public which it presumes to serve."

Herewith, in the faint hope that I won't seem to be unbearably defensive and pompous, I set forth my conception of the reporter's responsibility as it applies to me and describe my way of trying to meet it. My text is a portion of a letter from a reader in Freeport, NY. The reader didn't answer his telephone when he was called several times to ask permission to use his name and he therefore is quoted without further identification. He writes: "I am in no position to look into President Nixon's eyes and ask him to explain the contradictory statements and conduct that flow from his administration of our government. But you are. I am in no position to question Vice President Agnew when he censures the patriotism of those who disagree with Mr. Nixon's handling of the Vietnam war. But you are. These men, and their peers, should be pushed up any available wall to defend openly and honestly their policies, foreign and domestic. They should be asked and asked and asked by reporters such as yourself

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until some measure of truth begins to creep out. I am anxious to know why so many good reporters, who face President Nixon and his workers every day, are intimidated by the man and what he stands for. Is he so awesome that he is beyond question? Why were you, Mr. Osborne, afraid to ask that simple and obvious question of Mr. Nixon?"

Well, hell's fire, I wasn't afraid to ask the question. Respect for the presidency and a sense of the futility of trying to make this President say anything he doesn't want to say do have the mesmerizing effect noted in my California report. But that is not intimidation. Asking public questions at public press conferences just isn't my way of reporting. I occasionally throw a question at the President's press secretary, Ronald Ziegler, at his regular White House briefings, and it may be said with confidence that Ziegler rarely enjoys the questions. I recall three occasions when I tried to catch the President's eye and be recognized for a question at some of the 28 press conferences he has held to date. Recognition isn't easy to get in that mob of reporters; I didn't try very hard; and I doubt that the President even knew I was trying. I didn't try very hard for two reasons. They are that I prefer to do my serious questioning in private, with the various Nixon assistants who grant me audience now and then, and that I hold public press conferences in very low esteem. The reader whom I have quoted is the victim of a common illusion, which is cultivated by the press in general and by most of my colleagues. The illusion is that press conferences, especially when they are conducted by so skillful an operator as Mr. Nixon, are really useful instruments of public information. They seldom are. Mr. Nixon has said several times that he regards the press conference as merely one means of communication with the public and that he has a right to choose it or any of his other means—statements, speeches, etc.—for communication. I concede him that right and exercise my right to draw certain conclusions from the fact that he has chosen to hold fewer press conferences than any of his recent predecessors. One of my conclusions, which will be considered heresy by most other reporters, is that the President does himself a disservice and does the country a service in holding so few press conferences. He would be worse off and the country would be better off if he didn't hold any press conferences. My reason for thinking this, already indicated, is that Mr. Nixon is altogether too good for the common good at using press conferences to present himself and his policies in a favorable light. He has been embarrassed at times by the sort of hard questions that he pretends to like and actually detests. He may have been driven to a few admissions of error that he didn't want to make. But I don't recall, and I don't find in a review of his conference transcripts, a single instance of a useful revelation that wasn't already available or didn't soon become available in other parts of the Nixon record. A demonstrable fact is that the hard questions do the President more good than harm when they are asked at televised press conferences. Broadcast reporters, who get much more mail than writing reporters do, are deluged with letters hostile to them and friendly to Mr. Nixon when they question him in a fashion that seems to many viewers to be disrespectful of the presidency. The President's success in using press conferences for his own ends is one of the reasons, I am convinced, for his lead over Senator McGovern in the national polls. This thought is commended to the senator, with the suggestion that he abandon his call upon Mr. Nixon to hold more press conferences. A suddenly called session in the President's office on October 5, his second press conference since he was renominated, did him no harm and McGovern no good.

I should confess at this point that my purpose in life is not to drive Mr. Nixon up the wall that my complaining readers want to see him pasted to. My purpose is to convey as clear a portrayal of him and his policies as I am capable of conveying. If the portrayal drives him up the wall, which I doubt, so be it. For me, there are two ways of accomplishing the purpose. Neither of them is pitching tough questions at the President in public. One way, the President being unavailable to the likes of me for private questioning, is to work hard at extracting whatever information and impressions I can from his phenomenally loyal and cautious assistants and from other officials. The other way is to search Mr. Nixon's considered statements, the kind he makes without reportorial prodding, for the substance of his policies and the volunteered reflection of his attitudes that they provide. I find in them very few of the lies that Senator McGovern accuses him of telling. I do find in them many inconsistencies, evasions and exaggerations, some cause for sustained distrust, and a good deal that has to be admired. One of the qualities to be found and documented in them is the President's talent for bland deception of his audiences. In Los Angeles on September 27, at a fund-raiser that produced the record sum of $1,755,000 for his campaign, the President said: "I was proud to be able to say, in addressing 124 nations at the International Monetary Fund meeting (in Washington) on Monday of this week, that the United States of America, at this time, had the lowest rate of inflation, the highest rate of growth, the highest real income of any industrial nation in the world." Mr. Nixon said nothing of the kind at the IMF meeting, where he knew his hearers knew the facts. What he said on that occasion was, "We are now experiencing one of the lowest rates of inflation, one of the highest rates of real economic growth, of any industrial nation." Compare the statements and think about them. That's what I try to do.

John Osborne

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McGovern? Never Heard of Him

Who is Herman T. Schneebeli? If Nixon's coattails are long enough November 7 and the GOP wins control of the House, everyone will know. Schneebeli is a 65-year-old Pennsylvania lawmaker now serving his sixth term who'll replace Wilbur D. Mills as chairman of the powerful Ways and Means Committee. His isn't the only unfamiliar name among the 21 legislators who'll take charge of standing committees of the House in that event. Democratic strategists are talking overtime to convince each other it can't happen. Nevertheless, with the McGovern candidacy floundering in so many areas in early October, the possibility of an uncontrollable landslide has set off what one well-known member of the House calls "panic in the Democratic cloakroom."

In 1948 and ever since, Democratic candidates for the House have run ahead of the national ticket, with the sole exception of 1964 when the party's congressional total lagged 3.9 percent behind Johnson's shattering 61.1 percent share of the vote.

Today, Democratic strategists are more interested in the 1956 results, when the Stevenson-Kefauver ticket polled only 42 percent of the vote but widespread unrest with GOP policies in many areas of the country cost the Republicans heavily in congressional voting and the Democratic candidates for the House ran 9.1 percent (51.1) ahead of the national ticket. It left them with 233 House members, a gain of one over 1954. But the 9.1 percent spread, about the figure some think the congressional ticket will need, is an exception. In other presidential years since 1948, the national ticket has run a closer race and the spread wasn't as wide—2.3 percent more for the congressional ticket in 1948 (51.9 percent of the two-party total), 5.3 percent (49.7) in 1952 when the Democrats lost the House, 5.0 in 1960 (54.7) when anti-Catholic sentiment in the South and West held down the total for the Kennedy-Johnson slate and 7.3 percent (50.0) in 1968 when Democratic congressional candidates in the South picked off more than their share of the Wallace vote.

Despite ominous signs, men like Ken Harding, director of the Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee, are keeping their chins up. Harding says he's "astounded at the strength individual incumbents are showing in their districts. I haven't seen a single sample poll showing an incumbent losing and I'm talking about members in districts where polls are showing Nixon with anywhere from 55 to 80 percent of the vote."

His observation seems to lend credence to a widely held view that voters aren't happy with the presidential choice they have to make this year, that a lot of Nixon's strength is not only "soft" but terribly reluctant, and that these voters will turn around and vote a straight Democratic ticket below the presidential level to "prove they are good Democrats." The same reluctance, however, may keep a lot of Democrats away from the polls.

The reaction of Democratic congressmen is predictable. They're not asking "who's Schneebeli?" They know. They're saying "McGovern who?" A lot of them would rather not know the answer to that one. Not because McGovern, as a man, is not personally liked by members of Congress. He is. But in the last six weeks his campaign has fallen apart. McGovern, himself, is lashing out in every direction, and the voters are apt to lash back in annoyance. The classic reaction of an incumbent is that of Wayne Hays (D) who told a reporter he'd be "campaigning in Louisiana" when McGovern came to Ohio. The reporter pointed out he didn't even have a date for the next McGovern visit, so how did he know he'd be elsewhere. Hays replied that whatever the date, he'd be campaigning in Louisiana.

On a recent McGovern trip to Detroit, all but one Democratic member from the Wayne County area found it impossible to join him. The single exception, Martha Griffiths, was tied up with a hearing in Washington but agreed to come if transportation could be found; the McGovern people couldn't find a charter flight for her. The explanation for this shyness in Detroit is obvious. The state has gone mad over busing and all the Democratic members from the Wayne County area have taken cover. They don't find McGovern's position—"it's something which will have to be decided by the courts"—very helpful.

In some areas, it's getting more serious than a simple refusal to appear with the candidate. A member from the Southwest who's been taking on Nixon regularly for the last year and a half reports that starting about mid-September he had to stop, because the criticism was suddenly provoking hostility in his audiences. Could this mean they've made up their minds, that they don't particularly like the choice they've had to make and they don't want to rethink the whole thing? A competent reporter who has traveled the district reports a "deep antagonism" toward McGovern that is being misread in some circles as apathy. He says they're just plain mad at the Democratic nominee and don't want to hear any jibes at the alternative.

In Massachusetts, where McGovern seems to be making some gains, Representative Mike Harrington (D) says polls show GOP voters moving solidly behind Republican candidates at a much earlier date than is normal, a development that does not lend hope to those who insist the contest will tighten up at the end and, perhaps, become a real horserace.

The tragic thing is not that the Democrats are apt to lose some House seats, perhaps quite a few, but rather which candidates, incumbent and challenger alike, would lose *if* the national ticket pulls down the Democratic congressional percentage significantly. To-

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day, the Democrats have 255 House seats. If 22 are lost, whose would they be?

The vulnerable seats are usually held by younger, liberal members from multi-interest districts who are there because of their own personal popularity, and because they speak to the concerns of a mobile constituency. They are the heart and soul of the Democratic Study Group (DSG) and their defeat, en masse, would cripple efforts to push progressive legislation through the next Congress and leave the liberal coalition weakened if a new Nixon administration started moving aggressively in the wrong direction. They're men like Andy Jacobs and Ed Roush in Indiana, John Dow and Ogden Reid in New York, Romano Mazzoli in Kentucky, Ab Mikva in Illinois, Les Aspin in Wisconsin, William Anderson in Tennessee, Jim Howard in New Jersey and Teno Roncalio in Wyoming; plus a dozen or so attractive challengers who would have a solid chance of capturing GOP-held seats (some of them still may) if all other things were equal—Gerry Studds and John Kerry in Massachusetts, Ed Mezvinsky in Iowa, Phil Sharp and Floyd Fithian in Indiana, Richard Ottinger in New York, Werner Fornos (it's a new seat) in Maryland, Jerry English in New Jersey, Andy Young in Georgia, J. O. Patterson in Tennessee, and Murat Williams in Virginia.

The final lineup in the House will depend on a host of interrelated factors from redistricting to voting patterns but, in a landslide year, they have a way of conspiring against the party going down to defeat.

Typical is the impact of voting regulations in Indiana, where there are at least four closely fought House races (Jacobs and Roush plus Sharp *vs.* Dennis and Fithian *vs.* Landgrebe). Voters are *required* to pull a party lever. After pulling that lever, they can tinker with all the individual levers they want in the course of splitting their ticket. But a lot of voters are intimidated by the machines and find pulling a straight lever the easiest and safest thing to do. With Nixon favored to carry Indiana by an overwhelming majority, the pull of that straight party lever could be disastrous for the Democrats. Some observers close to the Indiana scene are predicting a clean sweep of the House races for the GOP. That would mean a loss of five, including Brademas, Hamilton, as well as Madden, who is slated to become chairman of House Rules.

Such a sweep seems very improbable. Madden's district is heavily Democratic (though loaded with unhappy white ethnics). Brademas and Hamilton are both popular with their constituents, and Jacobs and Roush have shown an amazing instinct for survival.

Connecticut isn't very different. There are party levers on the machine but a recent reform gives voters who wish to split their tickets a special lever they can pull, and then pick and choose their way through the candidates. Given today's growing voter independence, they may do just that. But Indiana and Connecticut are the two states most subject to sharp fluctuations in the makeup of their congressional delegations. Those straight party levers had a lot to do with it. Connecticut now has four Democrats out of six and, in early October, one heard the first whispers of concern that they might be wiped out, despite some signs of movement toward McGovern.

Neither California nor New York, two states sharply affected by redistricting, permits straight party voting with one tug on a lever or one "X" in a square. This is a plus for the Democrats. In California, a legislature controlled by Democrats had a big hand in the redistricting that added five new seats to the state's House delegation (for a total of 43) and left the Democrats with a good chance of picking off four of them. McGovern is making one of his strongest bids in California, so several new, liberal faces (including ex-Representative George Brown, who's making a strong effort for one of the new seats) may appear in that delegation.

New York is tougher. It lost two seats after the 1970 census and the rapid growth of the suburban counties has been at the expense of inner-city Democrats. This makes it necessary to unseat a couple of Republicans and hold all the seats they have now just to hold their own. Thus, the threat to Dow and Reid in the suburbs (plus Lester Wolff, who was paired with a retiring GOP incumbent but has a lot of new territory), added to the difficulties faced by Ottinger and Richard (Max) McCarthy in attempting comebacks in a GOP year. Democratic gains in California could be wiped out in New York.

Down South, the "old pols" are up to some of their old tricks and it could cost the GOP. In Alabama, they've turned the ballot upside down with Senator John Sparkman (D) on top and the McGovern-Shriver ticket at the bottom. In Texas, they're handing out three ballots, with the presidential contest on a separate one so the voters can get that off their minds before getting on to the real business. This doesn't mean the GOP might not pick off a few seats down there. In North Carolina, the seat of Representative Nick Galifianakis (D) (he's running for the Senate) is in danger; however, long-distance runner Jim Beatty, a capable young Democratic legislator, is making a strong bid for the seat of Representative Charles Jonas (R) in his Charlotte district. Next door in Tennessee, Anderson is up against a hard fight in a new district that stretches all the way to the heavily Republican Memphis suburbs. And there's some concern over Representative Richard Fulton (D) in Nashville.

One factor to be tested for the first time this year is the impact of large concentrations of student voters, particularly in districts scattered across the Midwest with its huge state universities. In Iowa, Mezvinsky has the University of Iowa (20,000 students) in his district to help him overcome the narrow margin by which Representative Fred Schwengel (R) beat him last time. Tom Harkin, the young man who discovered the "tiger

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cages" in Vietnam and is running against Representative William Scherle (R) is counting on a lot of help from students at Iowa State in Ames.

Here and there, a particularly strong challenger has emerged among the Democrats, such as Dennis Kucinich (D) who's against Representative William Minshall (R) in Ohio's 23rd. But close observers say the Democrats don't have a realistic chance of upsetting more than five incumbent Republicans seeking reelection and are hard-pressed to win their share of the vacancies in states like Massachusetts (Kerry is well ahead in the polls but Studds is hurting.)

The Democrats now have 37 more seats than the 218 needed to organize the House. Thus, they would have to lose 38 to lose control, a percentage drop of between five and seven points under their last showing (53.4 percent in 1970). To state it another way, House candidates may have to run close to 10 points ahead of the McGovern-Shriver ticket if that ticket settles down around 40 percent. Less, of course, if it goes up to 45 percent or more. There are recurrent rumors, moreover, that a dozen or more unnamed Southern Democrats (and perhaps a Northerner here and there) will bolt to the GOP and help them organize if the Democrats slip much below 230 seats. In that event, we'll need to familiarize ourselves with some new names.

Schneebeli, for instance, was a college roommate of Governor Nelson Rockefeller at Dartmouth. He's a bit hard to categorize; his colleagues call him a "conservative moderate" or a "moderate conservative"; he still attends meetings of the Wednesday Club (it was a liberal beehive when John Lindsay was still in the House), and the administration can't always count on him. He voted against revenue sharing but backed the version of welfare reform approved by the House.

We'll need to find out about Elford A. Cederberg (R, Mich.), who'll take over Appropriations; Charles Teague (R, Calif.), Agriculture; Frank Horton (R, NY), Government Operations; Ed Hutchinson (R, Mich.), Judiciary; William Harsha (R, Ohio), Public Works. We already know about John Ashbrook (R, Ohio), who would chair Internal Security. Better news is Albert Quie (R, Minn.), on Education and Labor and William Maillard (R, Calif.), on Foreign Affairs.

Once all the arguments are in, the Democratic strategists make one further point. They insist that a lot of maneuvering went on in state legislatures to draw the lines required by redistricting in such a way as to protect incumbents. So the boys will be safe. Safe, you say? But what about all those fellows, several of them committee chairmen and others ranking members, who were wiped out in the primaries? What makes anyone think the voting public is going to have all that much respect for incumbents, just because their pals back home redrew the lines to help them out? It's not that kind of year.

Paul R. Wieck

A Man Can Change His Mind, Can't He?

If the '60s was a decade of rising political awareness among blacks, the '70s promises to be a decade of "heritage group Americans." At least the Committee for the Reelection of the President thinks so, and it's hitting the ethnic voters with the subtlety of a B-52 strike. The staff at CRP (pronounced creep) call their targets "peripheral urban ethnics." One "high-level administration source" described the target to Lou Cannon of *The Washington Post*: "He is blue-collar and lives around the cities, is Catholic in most places, Eastern Orthodox in some. He makes $10,000 to $15,000 a year and probably his wife works. He belongs to a labor union. He's anti-welfare, or at least he thinks that he doesn't get the proper share for his own efforts. He's not a hawk on the war—nobody is anymore—but he doesn't want to bug out, either. Mostly, he feels comfortable with his country."

Mr. Nixon also wants him to feel comfortable this year doing what heretofore has not come natural to him—voting Republican. On a recent trip to California, for instance, instead of the usual airport retinue of local politicians waiting to greet the President, TV cameras showed just Nixon and a couple of Chinese-American extraction. On another occasion, the President made a surprise showing at the Festival Italiano in Mitchellville, Maryland. A few days later, a lavish White House reception was given the Polish foreign minister, Stefan Olszowski, and as *Life*'s Hugh Sidey put it: "The news burned up the wires to Milwaukee and Hamtramck." This is a new Nixon playing the chop suey-pasta-kielbasa circuit (the blintz is for dessert).

Before the President thought it possible to persuade ethnics to pull a Republican lever, he had quite a different notion of their value; we'll come to that soon. But first a backward glance to the turn of the century, when the lady of liberty held aloft her lamp and beckoned the European masses who yearned to be free to come and work and win their citizenship. The lamp dimmed after World War I, and in 1921 Congress acted to stem the flow of immigrants from southern and eastern Europe. Then, in 1924, the Immigration Act fixed the quota formula that was to remain in effect for 41 years: immigrants from any one nation were restricted to one-sixth of one percent of the corresponding "national origins group" in the 1920 US population. Because more than two-thirds of the Americans alive in 1920 were of northern European ancestry, immigrants from Great Britain, Ireland and Germany accounted for more than two-thirds of the quotas, even though their quotas were rarely used up. There were long waiting lists of would-be immigrants in southern and eastern Europe who could not enter the US because their small quotas were always filled.

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In 1952 Congress, in passing the McCarran-Walter Act (both Democrats), reaffirmed the quota formula based on the population of 1920. The bill was vetoed on June 25 by President Truman because, he said, it would "perpetuate injustices of long standing against many other nations of the world, hamper the efforts we are making to rally the men of East and West alike to the cause of freedom, and intensify the repressive and inhumane aspects of our immigration procedures." The next day the House passed it over his veto, and the Senate followed suit, barely getting the necessary two-thirds majority to override. The vote was 57-26. Senator Richard M. Nixon of California, then not yet General Eisenhower's running-mate, voted to overturn the veto, and the infamous McCarran-Walter Act became law.

What were the consequences? Out of a total of 154,657 immigrants a year, Great Britain, Ireland and Germany were allocated 107,921; Czechoslovakia, 2859; Greece, 308; Hungary, 865; Italy, 5645; Poland, 6488; Yugoslavia, 933. One effect of this discrimination was that the United States admitted thousands of ex-Nazis, while denying entry to would-be immigrants who had fought the Nazis a few years before. In 1965 President Johnson asked Congress to end the national origins quotas, and they were ended.

Richard Nixon's vote approving discriminatory quotas was cast 20 years ago. I would not have bothered to look it up had it not been for a recent weekday evening phone call.

"*Signor* Ognibene?" inquired a woman, beginning the conversation in Italian.

"Yes," said I, surprised because (1) my Italian surname is seldom pronounced correctly and (2) I know very few persons who would address me in Italian. Then she fired off a sentence I could not understand, but the mystery was soon cleared up when she asked: "Can President Nixon count on your support?"

I said no. She said, "thank you (not *grazie*) and hung up.

Now having always thought of myself as a plain American (garden variety, unhyphenated), I was unprepared to learn that I am a "peripheral urban ethnic." My curiosity got the better of me. How, I wondered, did CRP match my Italian name with an Italian-speaking caller? I don't live in little Italy. I live in the suburbs.

A few days later, I dropped in on CRP's Montgomery County, Md. headquarters, introduced myself to the one person there, and told him I was interested in how the campaign could reach ethnic voters in the county. He admitted the organization needed help. "We had an ethnics for Nixon meeting in Olney (Md.) the other night, but it was a complete bomb. I don't know what went wrong. We gave it plenty of publicity, but all we got were four Italians, three blacks, and two Poles." On the other hand, "We've got about 2500 Cubans in Takoma Park. It's a blue-collar neighborhood, old homes and such, and we've got them in our pocket. They've hated the Kennedys and Democrats ever since the Bay of Pigs."

In one corner of the room was a stack of paper about three feet high. While he was on the phone, I found that it was a computer print-out of the voters of sections of the county. The telephone nerve center was located a few miles away. "We've got 79 phones there, and we keep them going from nine in the morning to nine at night," my informant said. That was where my call had originated.

Have you ever seen one of those magazine ads for a family coat of arms which asks: "Do you see your name listed here?" There are usually a few hundred names, mostly Anglo-Saxon, and their derivation is easily determined by genealogical charts. With CRP reportedly spending about $20 million on canvassing and registration operations, for a modest amount it can have a program written that identifies tens of thousands of names according to their national origin. Once written, the ethnic identification program can be plugged into computers from Boston to San Francisco, and each ethnic target area will get a separate computer listing of each national origins group. Each list is then given to a bilingual person who calls the ethnic target, taking pains to pronounce the voter's surname in the old country manner. If the voter responds in English, so does the phone canvasser. If the response is in the mother tongue, so is the pitch for Nixon.

Such an operation may sound complicated, but it is computer-simplicity itself. It allows each local CRP to hire just the right number of bilingual persons for each national origins group in a target area. Why should one have to guess about the right hiring quotas when the computer lists indicate that the optimum ratio for a particular area is three Italians, four Poles, a Lithuanian and a Croat?

Identification of voters by ethnic group is the first step. The canvasser who gets a pro-Nixon or maybe-Nixon response from the voter then asks about the issues that trouble him. So, if a man of Hungarian ancestry says that he is worried about busing, that information is coded on a computer card and fed into a machine that types personalized letters. Within a matter of days, this particular Hungarian-American will be getting a letter that tells him everything he's

COMING: Nathan Lewin argues for the Nixon-McGovern proposals to aid parochial schools

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ever wanted to know about Nixon and busing. The computer types the letter, and a machine signs it. The ethnic who says "no" when asked if he will support Nixon is never called again. One who says "yes" will be called twice: a few days before, and on, election day. Those in the "maybe" category will be hit by a *blitzkrieg*. CRP will try to learn their concerns and pitch its appeals accordingly. They will get special mailings keyed to their needs or fears and more phone calls until they move one way or the other.

So, there you have it. The *old* Nixon voted quotas designed to keep Greeks in Greece, Italians in Italy, and Poles in Poland. The *new* Nixon is happy they're here and loves them all.

Peter J. Ognibene

The Watchdog Begins to Bark

Congress and the Pentagon

by Walter Pincus

The normally promilitary House Appropriations Committee has quietly launched the widest, deepest and potentially the most serious attack to date on the defense establishment—from the size of the services, to the superfluity of high-ranking officers and noncoms, to special personal cash bonuses, poor planning and management in procurement, the failure of weapons in operations, and finally to a pattern of deceiving and disregarding Congress in general and the Appropriations Committee in particular.

Documenting the committee's new nonpermissiveness is a 255-page report that bluntly details Pentagon failures in case after case and directs the Defense Department in no uncertain terms to shape up. Within the committee there seems to be a new sense of adversary relationship toward the military—a feeling, one staff aide suggests, "that the war is winding down and the guys on top [at the Pentagon] are devoting a great deal of time and money toward getting as much as possible [in the future] for themselves and their services." But the committee's attack also reflects a consensus, of sorts, that their old House colleague, Melvin Laird, has failed to bring rational order to the defense community.

Take, for example, the committee's comments on "grade creep"—the growth in the average grade level of the armed services: "Today there are some 900,000 fewer officers in uniform than there were in 1945, but we have about 5000 more colonels, lieutenant colonels, Navy captains and commanders. . . . The fiscal year 1973 force has relatively more officers and enlisted men of higher grades than the fiscal 1964 force did. This increase is estimated to cost about $1.3 billion in fiscal year 1973." Although the army plans to have 130,000 fewer men in FY 1973 than it did in 1964, the report notes it will have 600 more colonels, 400 more lieutenant colonels and 2000 more majors. Moreover, the 44 three-star generals on active duty today equal the number on duty in 1970 when the army had 300,000 more men, and is substantially more than in 1945 when the army was 10 times its present size.

The committee singles out a number of special programs or bonuses that it considers unnecessary when given to career men in the higher ranks. For instance, one permits military personnel and Defense civilians above the rank of E-4 to ship foreign cars home at government expense. Another permits a sharp increase in the amount of household goods a serviceman can ship back to the states from overseas at government expense. For 12 years, the committee says, Pentagon policy prohibited these "extras" because they had an adverse effect on US gold flow. Both these programs encourage higher-ranking career men to purchase goods overseas, thereby hurting the balance of payment and imposing a shipping cost on the government of at least $25 million. After being informed of the proposed two programs, the committee had specifically asked Defense not to implement them. The Pentagon nevertheless went ahead with both. It has now been "directed to return to the previous policies. . . ."

The services have taken advantage of even the smallest programs: parachute jump pay, for example. The committee points out that with the advent of the helicopter, the use of parachute jumping to deliver men to a combat area has been reduced. Yet the

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number of personnel drawing hazardous pay for jumps has gone up. The marine corps admitted its estimates were faulty and cut 550 men from its lists. The air force increased its parachute jumping personnel from 237 in 1967 to an estimated 560 in the current budget request. The committee report observes sarcastically: "The Air Force testified that this growth was due to the war in South Vietnam, but only a small portion of these personnel were actually in Southeast Asia." The navy played a similar game with "responsibility pay," extra compensation authorized to officers in South Vietnam as advisors to Vietnamese forces. The navy requested such pay for 161 officers. "However," the report says, "the actual number of naval officers in Vietnam at the present is about 110 and the Navy admitted that there were no plans to increase the number of advisors to Vietnamese units in the future."

I have cited these relatively insignificant items to show how closely the committee has gone into the Pentagon budget. The bigger dollar savings will come elsewhere, from a broad cut in overall personnel authorization. Here the committee sliced off some $460 million or some 55,892 manyears. As the basis for its action, the committee noted the actual "shortfalls" —or numbers of men below estimated strength—in the three services during the last year. In other words, the services were getting money for nonexistent troops.

In 1970 and 1971, the committee had asked that certain reductions be made in headquarters staffing. However, "the services did not take action which specifically addressed the direct reductions. There were no implementing memoranda showing what would be done, and there was no documentation to show there had been compliance." As a result, the committee this year not only lays down exact numerical reductions, it states that it "expects the Department of Defense to maintain a complete and accurate record with respect to headquarters reductions made specifically to comply with congressional direction and report such changes in next year's military manpower requirements report."

Another more serious Pentagon proclivity is also brought out in the committee report: the eagerness with which the services try to capitalize on any change in foreign policy, even if, as in the case of the SALT agreements, the long-term purpose of the new policy is to narrow rather than expand defense costs. Take the air force request for more money in the wake of the Moscow agreements. For an Advanced Ballistic Reentry Systems program, an additional $20 million was requested on top of $112 million already in the budget. Committee Chairman Mahon, no disarmer in anyone's book, picked this program out for reduction rather than expansion, since its aim, in part, was to develop means for decoys to defeat ABM systems. "In view of five-year limitation on the deployment of ABM systems," the chairman remarked, "these efforts could be safely stretched out."

The air force disagreed. According to General Otto J. Glasser, deputy chief of staff for research and development, the counter-ABM systems had to be continued "while we are looking to see the degree to which the Soviet Union fulfills its commitments . . . so as to be in a position to react based on how they react." Then the general confided that the program really had a purpose beyond the mere development of decoy warheads. "A major fraction of the effort," he said, ". . . is improving the qualitative aspects of our ballistic missile forces both Air Force and Navy." Pressed to elaborate, Gen. Glasser conceded the additional post-SALT money would go not only for a new reentry vehicle, but also a new warhead. Full development of the new reentry vehicle *and* warhead "definitely does not run into hundreds of millions," he said. The committee later learned that the price tag would be close to $400 million, so it cut the $20 million request in half since SALT "has limited and certainly slowed if not stopped deployment of anti-ballistic missile systems . . . some reductions in this area are to be reasonably expected."

The committee was rougher on another post-SALT request—$40 million to move the Strategic Air Command's B-52s away from coastal areas and out of range in the event (however unlikely) of a Soviet submarine-launched missile attack. Begun in 1969, this program, according to a committee investigation, has been constantly revised and air force officials themselves still differ on the basic concept behind it and on the "operations requirements, where the runways should be built, and the estimated cost. . . ." One finding was that the cost, estimated in the hundreds of millions, "is grossly underestimated." Though the committee believes the program should be undertaken, it cut back the special request with the comment, that while the air force was accelerating its movement from coastal bases, it was requesting new facilities at the very same B-52 bases.

Another post-SALT Pentagon request was for $20 million to develop a new submarine-launched cruise missile, which eventually would cost $900 million. Why is that needed? Because "the SALT agreement gives the Soviets a numerical advantage in submarine-launched ballistic missiles, and . . . since cruise missiles are not covered by the agreement such a missile could be used to offset the Soviet advantage." The committee found the program was "not at all firm," that billions had been spent since World War II on cruise missiles that did not work and that "other options . . . should be fully considered before the initiation of a new and expensive development program."

The air force wasn't the only service to jump in with post-SALT proposals. The navy wanted one million dollars for "additional augmentation of intelligence resources for verification of Soviet compliance with

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terms of the SALT agreements." The committee said no. The Defense Intelligence Agency tried to get an additional $9 million for more employees "to assist in verification . . . [of] Soviet compliance with the detailed provisions of the SALT agreement." The committee lopped off $5 million.

The committee hasn't become an aviary for doves. It went along with the basic big new weapons, specifically the $1.4 billion apiece Trident missile-carrying submarine that is being designed to replace the Polaris. But it was critical of the navy's penchant for taking funds from programs popular on the Hill and using them for something else. Therefore it directed that $311 million for long-lead components to go into the Trident sub not be used "as a bank account to pay for cost increases in other Navy shipbuilding programs." It was also critical of the way the navy wanted funds for facilities at which the Trident would be based. The navy estimate for facilities first was set at one billion dollars, then dropped to $600 million. The committee cut $10 million from a $27 million request to start base construction—noting that a site has yet to be selected, then cut out completely a bid for another $10 million to plan a refit facility for the Trident missile, saying, "this request is not only premature, but it is included in the wrong appropriation." The navy was trying to get the funds as an item under missile ballistic procurement.

On weapons procurement and weapons performance, the committee's sweep and tone often are reminiscent of the strictures of Senator William Proxmire. An army application for $40 million to start up a new helicopter development program in the wake of the disastrous $450 million Cheyenne failure indicated "serious management weaknesses." A navy effort to build the S-3A anti-submarine patrol craft, which has experienced rising costs (a projected $12.6 million per plane) and competition from less costly land-based aircraft, "has given rise to a loss of confidence in the . . . program." The committee permitted the minimum amount of funds required by the contract with Lockheed and directed the defense secretary to "advise the committee in writing (after a full review of the program) whether or not continuation of the S-3A program is fully justified."

The committee discussion of costly interservice competition to produce laser-guided missiles and heavy duty helicopters is interesting. The report identifies no less than nine different laser or optically guided missiles in use or development by the navy and the air force: "These overlapping developments have led to a waste of development resources and inefficient use of procurement funds." In addition, "this situation has caused an inordinate amount of proliferation of such weapons in our military arsenal." The committee denied funds for a new navy missile until the Pentagon reviews all such programs and settles on one weapon that "will be widely accepted and utilized by all military services."

In turning down the purchase of six Boeing 747 aircraft to serve as advanced airborne command posts for the President in time of emergency, the committee noted there was no "assurance that any President will use the NCA airborne command post, . . . no studies made to determine what Presidents have done in the past during times of tension or crisis, . . . no studies made to determine how many and what types of advisors Presidents have utilized. . . ." In short, "large numbers of 747 aircraft (with a total price tag of $217.6 million) were budgeted with only minimal planning."

Sharp criticism was directed at the navy for both the cost overruns in its shipyards and the practice of requesting funds to do one shipbuilding job, then turning around and using the money for something else. "The navy's past record with respect to construction is not an enviable one. Since fiscal 1968, the Navy has had to budget nearly $1 billion for cost growth . . . There does not appear to be any diminution in the number of contractors' shipbuilding claims received annually by the Navy. . . ." According to the committee, the navy puts ships out to bid at low prices, before the design of the ship is completed. Then the costs rise as changes are built into the construction. "Perhaps it is time for the Navy shipbuilders to seek out innovative changes to enhance its management of the all-important ship construction program," the committee suggested. At the same time it ruled out $60 million to start construction of a new hydrofoil patrol craft and instead put $30 million for the project into the research and development budget.

In the ship overhaul program, the navy got caught using funds appropriated in 1972 for other programs. Some 39 fewer ships were overhauled than had been discussed with Congress, and over $100 million thereafter was used for such diverse navy activities as marine procurement, operations of a new base at Diego Garcia in the Indian Ocean, and to cover increased costs of new ships under construction. To prevent that sort of thing from happening again, the committee directed that the operation and maintenance budgets, which previously had come to the services in lump sums, be transferred from one account to another only after clearance with the committee.

The heralded electronic sensor program was given a real whacking. "The massing of hundreds of tanks used by the North Vietnamese in the recent offensive without early detection of the magnitude of the armor buildup by our sensors," the committee wrote, "is a stark reminder of their questionable effectiveness." The committee also noted that almost two-thirds of some $137 million appropriated for the sensor program in the past three years had been programmed for other purposes. A phase-out of the sensor program was suggested. A request to purchase more C-130 gun-

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ships, popular for use along the Ho Chi Minh trail, was denied: "This is a very costly ($10.8 million per plane) weapon system and there must be less costly ways of accomplishing this mission."

An air force request for $10.2 million to purchase 80 modular-guided glide bombs was "not considered to be a valid one for inclusion in the Southeast Asia budget amendment." The committee said only four of these weapons had ever been tested and only one aircraft modified to deliver it.

Scattered through the report are numerous instances where the services failed to follow committee directives. They range from changing the means of heating European facilities (a change from coal to oil was denied, but done anyway) to purchasing new equipment for a Defense communications test facility when the services originally promised to use only on-the-shelf material; to employing a new $11 million command data targeting system in the Minuteman in the face of a committee request that such action await further testing. These actions along with others I've mentioned have had a cumulative effect on the committee members. They take less of what the military says at face value.

The committee also voiced criticism of the Pentagon's classification policies, saying they received little cooperation in their efforts to get material declassified. "The Navy, in particular, overclassified information and resisted Committee efforts to include material such as the losses of aircraft in Southeast Asia in the printed record." The air force losses of F-4 Phantom jets, which totaled 81 in fiscal year 1972 (61 more than had been predicted) were printed. As one remedy for the tendency of the military to overclassify, the committee suggested security review should be handled by career civilians not attached to any specific service. "The vast differences in determining what constitutes classified information between and among the services must be eliminated," it directed.

In part the committee's approach reflects the members' view that with the war winding down, they are freer to poke and probe at the big Pentagon budget with the same freedom they employ when tackling HEW or State or Commerce. It also reflects a feeling that with David Packard gone and Melvin Laird by his own decision a lame duck, there is no central control on Pentagon activities at a time when such control is most needed.

For years the congressional committees directly involved with the Pentagon have served as cheerleaders rather than critics. Last year the Senate Armed Services Committee under Senator Stennis rapped a few knuckles. The Senate Appropriations Committee under the late Senator Ellender did the same. But it was not until the House Appropriations Committee came out with this report that battle lines began to be drawn. Dissatisfaction with the defense establishment has spread far beyond liberal politicians.

Giving Up On Integration

by Jerome Zukosky

Rochester, NY

The work of the school board and superintendents since 1963 to integrate schools led educational administrators to view this city as an inspirational example of what can be done by local initiative and quiet leadership. The US Office of Education, for example, included Rochester in a manual titled "Planning Educational Change—How Five Cities Desegregated," in 1969. New York education commissioners, the late James E. Allen, Jr. and his successor, Ewald Nyquist, praised the effort—"a beacon," Commissioner Nyquist called it—as by far the outstanding one in a state that, despite its reputation for enlightened response to social conflict, has been unable to do anything to prevent school segregation from increasing. Unlike all other big city systems in New York, and most others outside the South, Rochester's elected school board, with a segregation problem as tough as any, was working toward systemwide integration without court order or significant special help.

Rochester didn't make it. When school opened last

Mr. Zukosky *is a free-lance writer formerly on the staffs of* The Wall Street Journal *and* The New York Herald Tribune.

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month, most Negro children were back in segregated schools or in schools rapidly becoming so as the ghetto expands at the core of the city. The school board was controlled by mean-spirited "antis" determined to return to the old days when Rochester's "happy blacks" kept their problems and their children to themselves. A mood of acceptance has settled on the city: it is as if an era has passed.

Rochester's citizens came close, however, to demonstrating how integration and educational innovation might combine to produce an urban school system that answers basic questions. Early last year, the school board voted to "reorganize and desegregate"—to use the official terms—a school system of 44,000 pupils. Grade organization in most buildings was to be changed from the traditional kindergarten through sixth grade and seventh through 12th; there would be a series of mini-schools, K-3, 4-6, 7-8 and 9-12, making it easy to use performance level achievement standards, specialized instruction and varieties of team teaching. Three experimental schools at primary, junior and senior high levels were created, drawing from a voluntary citywide and suburban registration, managed in concert with parents, and having a racial and socioeconomic cross section of pupils where open school and ungraded techniques would be applied. Attendance zones were completely changed and buses chartered to transport an additional 9000 pupils—about 7700 already used buses—so that racial balance in every school would approximate that of the system as a whole, roughly 60 percent white and 40 percent black, Spanish-speaking and other minorities.

During the past school year, all junior and senior high pupils (grades 7-12) and about one-third of all primary and intermediate grade children embarked on the plan; the remainder were to do so in stages this year and next. It was the climax of a catalogue of experiments, most of them financed by federal and state funds: the usual ones in ghetto schools, as well as transfers of pupils from ghetto schools to white ones within the city and some suburbs (and to a lesser extent the other way). Controversy and civic attention had been high; in 1970, for example, a boycott by pro-integration teachers closed the schools and forced the school board to create community school councils for the nine black elementary schools and extend the bilingual program; conservative teachers then tried their own boycott. The morning and evening dailies, owned by Gannett Newspapers, headquartered in Rochester, gave it all generous but curiously detached coverage.

Rochester is, typically, becoming an increasingly nonwhite system at the center of a white suburban ring. Negroes rose from insignificance to 50,000 over the past two decades in a declining city population that is just under 300,000; 25 percent of all whites moved out in the same period. But blacks and other minorities rose to a far higher proportion in the schools, which will be nearly half nonwhite in a few years. Could integration and innovation stabilize the racial mix, and salvage what was left of the middle class? Or was Rochester past the tipping point?

"We could have done it in one more year," school superintendent John Franco said to me recently. "The parents would have been here demanding we continue because of the educational gains." The contrary view is that reorganization was a disaster that put Rochester on the brink of ugly race war and would have merely accelerated white abandonment of the city. It is expressed by Gordon J. DeHond, a 34-year-old employee of the Monroe County personnel and civil service office, who organized a slate to run for the five school board vacancies to be filled at last November's general election. He was supported by the familiar coalition of whites in middle-class neighborhoods fearful of Negroes, experimental education and rising taxes; their platform condemned lack of discipline, sex education and teacher tenure but carefully avoided the negatives that would have opened them to attack as bigots and reactionaries: they were *for* "neighborhood schools," "parental control," "fiscal responsibility" and the like. DeHond takes credit for the "low key" approach; the word "busing" he notes with pride was not used, nor did the candidates explicitly state they would rescind reorganization.

The DeHond slate won every seat, decisively defeating the pro-integration slate that included two former board members who voted for the plan earlier this year. DeHond, a bachelor educated in Roman Catholic schools, is now president of the board and among his colleagues—all of whom are white and, as it happens, Catholic also—are three with no prior public distinction including an inarticulate housewife. The day after election, DeHond visited superintendent Franco and told him to begin planning to scrap integration and reorganization. Parents managed to save the experimental schools, but for this year only. Voluntary open enrollment remains and may be expanded, but it is a strategy that puts the burden on black children, and even when carefully promoted by earlier boards it failed to counter the increasing segregation in Rochester.

DeHond was aided by fights in several high schools between Negroes and whites, one of which, begun over possession of a football, hurt 23 students five weeks before the election. Integration was always vulnerable to attack on fiscal grounds in a city that despite its above-average private wealth is strapped for tax revenues; the school budget, which takes 60 percent of city tax revenues, rose to $74 million in the current year from $65 million two years ago, primarily to meet teacher salary and fringe benefit increases, and John Franco estimates it would have required an additional $4 million to carry out the original plan. Part of the need was to be met by Rochester's extraordinary share

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—one-third—of a $3 million state fund to promote integration. But the New York legislature last year eliminated the fund and soon thereafter the city council cut the school budget by precisely the amount, $865,000, earmarked for additional buses.

After Rochester's fierce ghetto riots in 1964, the late Saul Alinsky organized what he called "the Kodak plantation." For five or six years his effort, combined with federal poverty funds, gave a semblance of reality to the phrase "black community." Leaders backed integration, promoted busing of ghetto children and achieved influence in the Democratic Party, which appointed a Negro to fill a school board vacancy. In the 1970 school election, the Negro third and seventh wards backed the two integrationist candidates three to one for seats on what was then a five-man board. They won, and with a liberal attorney, Thomas Frey, already on the board, formed the majority that voted 3 to 2 last year to implement systemwide integration. It was a thin majority: Frey won his seat by only three votes and during the 1960s the board did not have a stable pro-integration majority for more than one year.

Whatever unity there was among blacks dissolved. Both blacks and whites moved to protect their turf. FIGHT, the major Negro organization, two years ago changed the "I" in its acronym to "Integrity" from "Integration," and in the election last November separationists ran their own black candidate. She got almost as many votes in the Negro wards as the leading integrationists. The candidacy assured the victory of DeHond's slate, which did well among Negroes. During the past summer, Negro leaders within competing factions urged boycott of open enrollment and in September presented demands to the school board for real control over personnel, curriculum and management of the segregated schools. DeHond has a sympathetic understanding of black separationists, but he is not about to share power with them.

Thomas Frey and others who worked hard for integration are exhausted; Frey compares the last Rochester election to that of 1876 and the end of Reconstruction. By and large, the integration effort was the creature of that civic yeomanry in decreasing supply in older cities—the emotionally secure white professionals who find urbanity preferable to suburbia and energize the city's voluntary organizations. They and the small emergent Negro middle class were willing to put their children into the experimental schools or bus them in open enrollment. Janis Dowd, wife of a vice president of the University of Rochester, who led the parents' committee that created one of the experimental schools, was surprised recently—when she went there with one of her children—to find many friends at the testing center for private schools. Each one who leaves takes part of that essential leaven that could make integration work.

Few Negroes in Rochester have that choice, and the new order will make it much more difficult to sustain what successful residential and school integration has been accomplished in the neighborhoods of large, older homes owned by people from the university, the city's second largest employer. Stanley Marcus, a wholesale food broker in his mid-50s who probably gave more time and effort to promote integration than any other citizen, is acutely aware that white liberals failed the crucial test of combatting the blacks' loss of faith in integration; "it is very difficult," he says, "to explain to a black parent why it is necessary to send his child to school with whites if he is to get a good education."

The moral passions that fueled hundreds of meetings and moved administrators to take chances are now spent. Recission of the reorganization was challenged in federal court but failed; its prosecution was left to a young lawyer who directs the local O.E.O. community legal services office. An appeal may be taken to Commissioner Nyquist, but few believe he can influence the new board or is likely to confront them; he managed to avoid the risk of any personal involvement so far on behalf of his "beacon experiment." Joseph C. Wilson, chairman of Xerox, a strong voice consistently heard on behalf of integration, died a year ago and no one in Rochester has taken his place. Herman Goldberg, the superintendent who spent six years devising the plan that failed, left in 1970 at the expiration of his contract for a job with the Office of Education in Washington.

Any feasible integration of Rochester's minorities will probably have to involve both the city and its 17 surrounding suburban districts, which together enroll more than twice as many students as the city district. Some suburban school board members had been trying, over the past four years, to construct a city-suburban district federation that could deal with such problems. It was the only such effort at metropolitan educational planning and school government reconstruction in New York State undertaken by local officials. But the executive director recently quit and left Rochester and there is now little interest in the project.

If one is inclined to skepticism, of the sort expressed by Edward Banfield, Nathan Glazer and others, there are virtues in tribalism and rough justice in the decision in Rochester. If no one else is willing to help, why should public power be employed to impose standards of a few on the many who are not receptive to change and refuse to pay for it themselves? Were not the integrationists looking backward, to "the city" as a community that no longer exists and which, at any rate, they rarely managed? Rochester is not the only city where the impulse to integration failed, flowed into the narrow courses of community control and was absorbed in squabbles over who should get declining dollars.

Remembering the aftermath of Reconstruction, one can rightly fear the consequences.

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Stanley Kauffmann on films

Chloe in the Afternoon

(Columbia)

What Eric Rohmer has done in his films is to recalibrate the scale of responses between men and women. This is important work, and his new film continues and concludes it. His latest is the last of his six Moral Tales. The first two, relatively short and shot in 16 mm, have not been shown here. The other three, in order of making, are *La Collectioneuse, My Night at Maud's* and *Claire's Knee*. All four that I have seen deal with a man who gets involved with one woman and ends up with another. All are "classic" in tone, with a sense of design-as-meaning, of distilled emotion rather than immersion in heat. The atmosphere is Catholic, though in only one film, *My Night at Maud's*, is this explicit; and the Catholicism is Jansenist. The characters reach conclusions that seem predestined, though not predictable.

Contemporary attitudes in sexual relations tend to drive those relations toward one issue: to bed or not to bed—with a prejudice to bed because it is stodgy and unliberated *not* to. The latest sexual revolution, women's lib, bases part of its beliefs on the physical locus of the orgasm in women. The latest cultural revolution, the widespread acceptance of film pornography, posits sexual virtuosity in males as an ideal to which we are all to be consecrated. Into this superheated atmosphere comes Rohmer's work, which I'm sure is intended positively. He tells us, in effect, that God wants us to be happy and unhappy (a thesis I can support after a change of nouns); that sexual relations are the greatest source of both the happiness and the unhappiness; and that the question of whether to bed or not is, for mature people, subtly and infinitely reverberant.

In sum, Rohmer says that new knowledges and freedoms are blessings insofar as they magnify our sensibilities but are hurtful and silly if we are reduced by them.

Chloe in the Afternoon is about a young husband. (The better French title is *Love in the Afternoon*, but it was preempted in the US by a Billy Wilder film of 1957.) He has a loved and loving wife who teaches in the suburbs, a good job in Paris, a young child and another en route. It's clear, as we see him moving through the patterns of his life, telling us his thoughts on the soundtrack, that he is in the best kind of happiness: full of curiosity about each day. His married life has made him more male. ("Since I've been married, I find all women beautiful.") He relishes the looks of the women who pass in the streets; he dreams of magical powers over them. (In the fantasy sequence Rohmer uses some of the women from his previous films. This sequence is the only really banal passage in any of these films.) Then he goes home to his wife, uneasy, but conscious that his uneasiness is part of the riches that marriage has given him.

Then a girl named Chloe returns to Paris, someone he knew slightly, the girl friend of a former man friend. She is a drifter around the world, the sort of girl who gets into a lot of beds by exercising what she considers discrimination. She is not attractive to the husband—or to me, for that matter—but she is desperately needful, the sort of girl one meets so often these days who is free of encumbrances *and* roots. She needs the husband; he doesn't need her. She is proud and touchy, but nonetheless she manages to weave herself into his life. She comes to his office a good deal, he gets her a job in a boutique, he frequently sees her, nonsexually, in the afternoon. (One of the reasons I like this film so much is that Rohmer shares one of my dislikes, for the afternoon between the end of lunch and, say, 4:00—in city life, that is, and particularly office life. Rohmer thinks of it as a particularly vulnerable time of day.)

In most modern fiction and film, not to say modern life, there would be some relatively quick hopping-into-bed, with a proper decorum of *tristesse* and with a lot of "grown-up" talk to rationalize the glandular opportunism. But Rohmer takes things a moment, a day, a week at a time, and shows how the absence or presence of Chloe affects the outlook and insight of the young husband, how the fact of her existence is summoning complex responses in him.

He goes to her apartment one afternoon (!) as he has done before, in sheer friendship, and finds her coming out of the shower. She goes to her bed and waits for him. As he pulls his sweater over his head, he glances in the mirror and sees his face poking out in a way that he has done to amuse his child. He pulls the sweater back on, picks up his jacket, and goes quietly out the back door.

He phones his wife, then goes home in the afternoon—something he rarely does. She breaks an appointment to stay with him. They have a last scene on a sofa, beautifully played, in which she suddenly bursts into tears. The implication—to us, if not to him—is that she might have had a similar rendezvous planned and is relieved not to go to it. Instead they go to their own bed.

The key move in the making of this film was the casting of a Parisian per-

(continued on page 32)

Films Worth Seeing

Cabaret. Life is *not* a cabaret, old chum, still this musical derived from Isherwood fiddles flashily while Berlin burns.

The Candidate. Surprising, the resentment this (neatly made) film about a campaign has aroused among "sophisticates." Not the whole truth, but surely a big bitter part of it.

The Emigrants. Max von Sydow and Liv Ullman in a well-made narrative of Swedes leaving Sweden for the US in 1844.

The Ruling Class. Peter O'Toole and a superb cast in a messy but well-written satire about a religious maniac who succeeds to an earldom.

La Salamandre. A funny, grave, important film. Two TV documentary writers want to write a script about a workingclass girl, but her reality is too much for them. Swiss, believe it or not.

The Sorrow and the Pity. Four and a half fine hours of documentary about wartime France and some survivors.

Tokyo Story. A treasure. Yasujiro Ozu's story of an old couple, their children, *their* children, a picture that gently asks the largest possible questions.

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Nicholas Johnson on TV

His Master's Voice

Those who are interested in seeing television educate, enlighten and inspire had great hopes when, in 1967, President Johnson sent Congress the Carnegie Commission's bold proposal for the creation of the Corporation for Public Broadcasting (CPB). The CPB's framers were ambitious: they sought a system of national programming and local stations which would be free from the commercial pressures that relegate programming to culture's lowest common denominator, free from poverty, free from government domination.

The sun has yet to rise on this potentially bright future for the CPB. The administration has substituted governmental influence for commercial domination.

In a speech to the National Association of Educational Broadcasters on October 20, 1971, Tom Whitehead, director of the White House Office of Telecommunications Policy (OTP) accused the CPB of ignoring the local stations and concentrating on building a national network. Mr. Whitehead also remarked, in the same speech, that permanent financing would not be forthcoming for the CPB until it fulfilled the "promise envisioned for it." John P. Witherspoon, CPB director of television activities, interpreted Whitehead's remarks as meaning that "until public broadcasting shows signs of becoming what this Administration wants it to be, this Administration will oppose permanent financing." What Nixon's spokesman overlooked was that a part of the "promise envisioned" for public television was just such a national service, one similar to that offered by every other public broadcasting system in the world. (As the Carnegie Commission said, "major national production centers . . . [will] insure that localism . . . will not become parochialism.")

When "The Great American Dream Machine," one of the most popular nationally produced public television shows, did a short film segment on FBI informers, J. Edgar Hoover complained that the story was "inaccurate," though most of it had already appeared in the papers. After hurried consultations at CPB, the segment was killed. When it was later run (as a response to public criticism at the censorship), it was accompanied by a long discussion among journalists of the merits of the segment. In case you are thinking that the late Mr. Hoover lost this round, you ought to keep in mind that "The Great American Dream Machine" has been cancelled.

When the National Public Affairs Center for Television (NPACT) hired Sander Vanocur as a first-class professional reporter for "A Public Affair" (the only prime time show devoted to an analysis of the Presidential campaign) the administration criticized both Vanocur's alleged "liberal" bias and his high salary. Mr. Whitehead even suggested that public funds should not be used to "express controversial points of view which are going to be opposite those of many citizens"—surely a preposterous standard for a society that values the free exchange of ideas.

Nevertheless, the CPB continued to attract attention. (*Broadcasting* magazine reported in 1971 that an estimated 39 million viewers watch public TV at least once a week.) For an administration which thrives on an uninformed electorate, the growth of public broadcasting could only have been viewed with alarm.

So, when the bill to appropriate $155 million to the CPB over a period of two years sailed through the Congress (82 to one in the Senate and 256 to 69 in the House), the President vetoed it. The CPB was then left with the administration's alternative bill—$45 million for only one year—thus insuring that the CPB will have to fight annually for its economic life.

In his veto message, the President displayed a remarkable dearth of candor when he echoed Mr. Whitehead's refrain that the CPB had ignored the will of Congress by failing to emphasize local programming. Given the fact that the vetoed bill had provided for more local funding than ever before, and the fact that numerous local stations have been forced to cut back on next year's program plans because of his veto, Mr. Nixon's alleged concern for localism seems bizarre.

Mr. Nixon has since seized control of the CPB's board of directors. He has appointed or reappointed 10 of the 15 members including the chairman. As a result, John Macy—one of the ablest men who could be selected for CPB president—was hounded out of his job. A Mr. Henry Loomis is to take his place.

Who's he? Mr. Loomis' interest in the CPB is illustrated by his first response upon hearing of public broadcasting: "What the hell is it?" His qualifications are revealed by a further elaboration, his statement that he had "never seen a public television show." That Mr. Loomis shares the administration's concerns about criticism of government is exemplified by his remark that, under his leadership, there will be a sharp drop in public affairs programs. And what about local enterprise? Mr. Loomis says the CPB will henceforth take a strong role in determining daily program content over the nationwide public broadcasting network—a direct antithesis of the policies once urged by Tom Whitehead.

So much for localism. So much for the freedom which the CPB's framers so desperately wanted. So much for Mr. Vanocur, who once said that his job was "to keep the government honest."

Like the Latin American revolutionary whose first task is to seize control of the radio stations, the President has, through his efforts at managing both the commercial networks and now public broadcasting, largely succeeded in stifling the free exchange of ideas and blotting out aggressive criticism of government. Mr. Nixon and Co. have now largely completed the four-year process of transforming the CPB from a burgeoning creative alternative to commercial television into what may well become a propaganda machine.

From its beginning, many have expressed the concern that propaganda might prove to be CPB's undoing—that it might become, in an oft-repeated phrase, "a domestic Voice of America." It is an ever-present threat to public broadcasting systems around the world. De Gaulle succeeded in controlling French television. Straus, in West Germany's Bavaria, bounced the distinguished Herr Wallenreiter from the head of Bavarian broadcasting almost the same day that Nixon drove Macy from CPB.

Perhaps we should expect no more from a man who nominates a Carswell to the Supreme Court or appoints a lifetime broadcaster to an FCC already more than adequately dominated by the industry. But it's Nixon's gall that rankles most. For "a domestic Voice of America" is no longer an ugly joke. Mr. Loomis' former position? Director, Voice of America.

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Gerrit Henry on art

Back to Beautiful Sunsets?

The official explanation for the season-opening exhibit at New York's Whitney Museum of the work of 19th-century landscape painter Albert Bierstadt is "to show the full range of his work, and, by it, to help illuminate the taste of the American past." But what about the present? Bierstadt was *the* American painter of blazing sunsets, never-ending frontier vistas and luminous dawns. Are an overly cautious, conspicuously erudite catalogue essay and a handsome museum exhibition all that's left of this once-celebrated romantic figure?

The organizers of "Bierstadt," which will also be running at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts in Philadelphia from November 15 to January 3, seem to think so; and it is true that while Bierstadt was adored by the American public in his day, his critical reputation was none too secure at his death (1902) and hasn't risen appreciably since. If the curators of this first comprehensive airing of his work since 1964 have chosen to pad out their show with glass-encased bits of historic bric-a-brac right down to the artist's palette and brushes, what's to say they're wrong?

Nothing except the paintings themselves. Certainly, Bierstadt "was not the greatest artist America has produced," but he is one of the most interesting, and one unusually relevant to the present artistic moment. The Whitney's opening show *last* season, an exhibition of paintings by the 20th-century American realist Edward Hopper, was thought by many observers to shed some indirect light on the hyper-accurate, "urban blight" cityscapes of the then-current Photographic Realist painters; in like manner the Bierstadt show seems to be indicating a rich background for some more recent art world trends, especially the one that has unhappily but conveniently been dubbed "lyrical abstraction." Jack Seery, Victoria Barr and other young painters of this last persuasion have recently turned their backs on the ascetic formalism of the '60s to engage in a kind of nature-oriented painterliness, the fluid lyricism and rhythmic abstraction of which are strongly in line with Bierstadt's panoramic, cloud-studded views of virgin American territories. The super-precisionist aims of the Photo Realists, too, and even the nitty gritty, "wide open spaces" ideas of some of the more imaginative earth, wood, junk and rag-bag sculptors are not entirely antithetical to Bierstadt's program of confronting the astonishing American reality head on, brush in hand.

So this new Bierstadt show at the Whitney is, at least in terms of the contemporary artistic *zeitgeist*, no accident. Some 20 years have elapsed since this country's first great, Europe-rivaling art, Abstract Expressionism, came to the fore. In the course of those 20 years post-Abstract Expressionist artists have done a dismayingly thorough job of sidetracking themselves via modernistic European estheticism, from the issue of finding organically American forms and contents so fully and dramatically raised by their immediate predecessors. The big Abstract Expressionists like Pollock and de Kooning can't, of course, be blamed for their genius, but they did cow the painters and sculptors that followed them into the dead-pan, dead-end anti-arts of Pop, color field painting, and, finally, Minimalism and Conceptualism—those two unfortunate, dogmatic appropriations of the blithe, jokey art theories of Marcel Duchamp (he of the moustachioed Mona Lisa). Still, enough "think tank" art is enough, and a good number of younger artists seem at last to be casting around for some way out of all that. Even so grey a Pop art eminence as Andy Warhol was recently quoted in *New York* magazine as saying that individualism and alienation from the art status quo established by Minimalist house organs like *Art Forum* were on the upswing in New York. The "trip," whether it be on drugs, pure form and color, or pure thought, is being edged out of the picture to make more room for the old-fashioned artistic journey.

Bierstadt's journey took him to the farthest reaches of the New World, as seen through Old World eyes. An adherent of the early 19th-century Hudson River school of landscape painting at a time when the Barbizon school and, later, Impressionism, had the upper hand, Bierstadt's real, artistic and spiritual travels through the Golden West of the Rockies and Yosemite, Lake Donner and Mount Whitney all came to a kind of brilliant repose on his canvases. Outsized, marvelously detailed nature paintings, they are as concerned with confronting and registering awesome America as they are with being "great" works of art. Painted in a kind of sublimely naturalistic style that had its roots in the artist's Dusseldorf training, pictures like *Sunrise, Yosemite Valley* give the viewer the chills more often than they induce snickers, bringing the sublime-ridiculous dichotomy inherent in so much major American art to public attention almost as aggressively as it was during the heyday of Jackson Pollock.

And the analogy between Bierstadt and Pollock is not entirely forced. Obviously different in means, the spirit of a rolling, sweeping Bierstadt panorama is recognizably similar not only to today's Lyric Abstractionists, but also to the Abstract Expressionists who were their stylistic forefathers. Drawing up such an artistic family tree may be a dubious task, but there is no denying a certain "sublime" strain in this country's art, a strain in which the traditional European values of architectural or geometric space, form and composition are replaced by breadth of vision and scale. Reaching from Thomas Cole to Walt Whitman in the last century, it comes to modern fruition in the Abstract Expressionists of the '50s, and remains a force today.

All this isn't to suggest that present-day art is barreling wildly back to the art of the mid-century and before, but perhaps some of the chic, air-conditioned gloom that prevailed in the last decade is blowing away. Critic Harold Rosenberg has wisely pointed out in his most recent book that "the anti-art (of the '60s) could logically be attributed to the Europeans as a final stage of sensibility." Maybe younger artists are now beginning to quit their joyless dancing on the graves of the Parisian vanguard in favor of some reexaminations of their own experience. If so, the Bierstadt revival at the Whitney might well be taken as a kind of bellwether of the new decade. Something deeply artistic and vitally American is going on in the best of Bierstadt's work, something that has nothing to do with the assorted Indian quivers and stereograph photos on display in the rear galleries. In short, "Albert Bierstadt: The American West" isn't just an education. It's an inspiration.

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Clank! Clank! Tinky Tink!

The Toonerville Trolley

by Fontaine Fox
compiled by Herb and Don Winslow

(Scribners; $9.95)

Like the trolley itself, Fontaine Fox's *Toonerville Trolley* is an anomaly in the history of American comics, a one-way track to Dead Center. The living tradition, from *Mutt and Jeff* to *B.C.*, is the paneled sequence, which had its birth so far as American popular culture is concerned at the turn of the century, rising with the form it so much resembles in its treatment of time, space and violence—the silent then the talking movie. But *Toonerville Trolley* is a single panel, not a strip, and takes its laws not from drama (whether vaudeville or melodrama) but from the older cartoon as developed by Hogarth and Rowlandson, with perhaps a touch or two borrowed from the American genre painters of the 19th century. Action is not an attenuated series of events leading to a climax but a concentrated swirl or explosion centered by one dominant figure or encounter. For reasons best explicated by McLuhan, this concentric form has been abandoned for the sequential strip, doomed to extinction like the way of life it recorded.

And yet the Sunday comic began as a single box, with Outcault's *The Yellow Kid*, in 1896. Though Outcault himself experimented with a several-paneled strip, the single box remained popular for years, and it was in that tradition that Fox began his work around 1910. By 1915 the Trolley had become his trademark, a sort of outhouse on wheels to which windows, two doors, and a stovepipe had been added, the whole impossible vehicle painted an outrageous yellow. The Trolley and its irascible, impetuous Motorman imposed unity on an otherwise miscellaneous series whose milieu was what was to become suburbia. Fox's work somewhat resembles that of his contemporary, Clare Briggs *(When a Feller Needs a Friend)* whose long suffering kids also live in the suburbs. Yet the area through which the Trolley falteringly passes, bisecting such places as "Dead Center" on its way to Toonerville ("To Nowhere-ville"?), like Briggs' milieu is distinctly rural in character, bearing no resemblance to that pastoral extension of the city suggested by today's suburbs. Nor is it easy to determine exactly where the particular suburbs portrayed by Briggs and Fox are located. For his Trolley, Fox drew upon originals he had encountered in Louisville (where he grew up) and Pelham, New York, which suggests that his mythical town of Dead Center is distinctly Mid-American, located somewhere between the Atlantic seaboard and the Mississippi River—anywhere, that is, where the rural countryside was being transformed by commuters into a borderland of urban and agrarian values. The putative function of the Trolley was to carry people between a train station and points farther out in the countryside. It was "The Trolley That Meets All The Trains." Because of this function and route, the Trolley was, to borrow Leo Marx's figure, the Machine in the Garden for suburban America, and the themes that Fox drew from his subject tell us a lot about that emerging borderland area.

Toonerville is defined more by its cast of characters than by any geographical or architectural characteristics, but it is obviously this side of Winesburg, Ohio and a ways farther out than Main Street. Charles S. Holmes' new study of James Thurber's literary career *(The Clocks of Columbus;* Atheneum) lists among Thurber's many influences in American popular culture both Clare Briggs and Fontaine Fox; and the world in which Thurber grew up, the suburbs and rural outskirts of Columbus, Ohio, looks much like the world along the route of the Trolley. Thurber was ever a lover of chaos and mayhem, and the borderland through which the Trolley runs is the terrain inhabited by the Bad Boys so characteristic of children's literature of the Gilded Age and beyond, the scapegrace heroes of T. B. Aldrich, Mark Twain, George W. Peck, Henry A. Shute and Booth Tarkington. Briggs drew on this tradition heavily for his barefoot boys with cheek, and it is echoed loudly in Fox's Mickey (Himself) McGuire, the tough little Irish kid in broken derby with cigar, and in the clubhouse of the "Scorpions," perpetually exploding a scampering horde of anxious malefactors. It is interesting in this regard (as Herb Galewitz in a fine introduction points out) that Joe Yule, Jr., who is Mickey Rooney and appeared in *Our Gang*, early in his career tried to borrow the name of Fox's tough little kid for his stage name, but had to settle for a compromise. Because not only does *Our Gang* bear all the marks of the "Scorpions," but in the Andy Hardy series, Rooney took the Bad Boy right into the '30s and early '40s, where he fell in love with Judy Garland and disappeared over the rainbow.

Though Fox's kids were an early and important part of the Toonerville world, they are perhaps not the most memorable aspect. His mythical suburb, unlike Briggs', which was quite realistic, is a fantastic and violent hamlet. If, like all great comic artists, Fox exploited the element of the grotesque, his idea of the grotesque is wild and somewhat earthy, with touches of the folk humor of the Southwest from which he came. Moreover, like most great comic artists, he addressed himself to his own generation, and his ideas of what is properly the subject of ridicule are somewhat dated. Let's face it, Toonerville is a kind of freak show, where we can view not only the Powerful Katrinka (And Her Sweetheart, The Dwarf), but also "Suitcase" Simpson, The Man With The World's Largest Feet; Pinckney Wortle, The World's Laziest White [sic] Man; "Teeny" Tompkins, The World's Small-

Great Hooks

Great hooks baited with living flesh
at times draw up Leviathan,
Jehovah's scaled and scowling pet,
or the Snake Thor went fishing for.

Better not reach or try to grasp
but let the biters swim to you.
Be sure, once the life's line is cast,
soon or late the huge pull will come.

Best of all to wander free,
detached from time, without a goal,
and find among archaic rocks
the word tossed up upon the shore.

Frederick Morgan

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est Football Player; and Aunt Eppie Hogg, The Fattest Woman in Three Counties.

There is also Flem Proddy, the Local Inventor, Little Woo Woo Wortle, Who Has Never Been Spanked, "Wisecracker" Wortle, and the Terrible Tempered Mr. Bang. In short and at length, what we have are personifications of all that is different, oddball, queer, misshapen, screwy. It is not hard to see where the appeal lay for the young James Thurber, whose own *Carnival* has its freaky side also. But times change, and we liberals with elitist sensibilities now try not to laugh or stare at freaks anymore. We have a kind word these days for the village idiot—"exceptional"—and even Stepinfetchit has a Shaft over his grave. (There are, by the way, no comic Kneegrows in this collection of Fox's work, but Ah suspects this is the fruit of careful pruning.) Sherwin D. Smith, a member of *The New York Times* Sunday staff, expressed this liberal position very well in reviewing this book: "Some of Fox's racial humor," he wrote, "is downright distasteful." That is: T'aint funny, McGee.

But what is agelessly funny, both to eastern elitist liberals and Dead-Center snickering majorities alike, is the Trolley itself, with its A. B. Frosted Motorman, whose rural, Uncle-Sam beard and outraged, shaking fist transcend all occasions, all eras. For the Trolley is that proverbial American invention, the Perpetual Motion Machine That Won't Go, and the Motorman is the reason it won't, The Human Element. To be "Off your Trolley" still has connotations of nuttiness for an older generation, though a younger one has no idea of what a trolley is (actually it's the little dingus or pulley which is held by a wand to the overhead wire, thus providing the current which runs the motor which makes the car move, sometimes, along the track), and the Toonerville Trolley is perpetually Off, even when running. Because of the impetuous Motorman, who has no objection to stopping for a game of checkers or to continue a political harangue with a debarking passenger, the claim that the Trolley Meets All Trains must be taken with quid in cheek. The Motorman is essentially a country creature, more man than motor, whose attitude toward schedules and the like is positively cavalier. (The current version is on TV, in the dreadful cuteness called "Petticoat Junction.")

As for the Trolley itself, it is like those trick automobiles used by clowns, both comic and inutile. Much too small to hold the crowd of men it disgorges when disaster strikes or spectacle unfolds, it is an impossible toy, erratic, eccentric, bizarre in its movements back and forth through Dead Center. Remember, its actual function is to carry commuters to and from a railroad station, where they will catch a train to Megalopolis. Presumably, in the day and age when the Trolley first appeared, the trains were still running on time, symbols of a ruthless efficiency that was converting America into a corporate dream of coordination and scheduling; but the Trolley, a link between efficiency and the rural madhouse of anarchy and freakdom, is a grand celebration of Breakdown, with all the theatrical overtones of Farce. It is a type and symbol of Bergson's definition of comedy, an automaton that has gone amuck.

What it was that inspired the madcap, zany world of the comics, both Sunday and Silent, during the first 30 years of this century will probably never be precisely identified. Many forces, both technological and more generally "cultural" contributed to such diverse phenomena as Laurel and Hardy, Buster Keaton, Buster Brown, Krazy Kat, the Katzenjammer Kids, and all the other Kids, Kops, and Krazies of that marvelous era of phun. But the centrality of the Trolley, its long-lasting popularity and its influence on the more sophisticated enemies of law and order like James Thurber, are more easily traced to America's perpetual love-hate affair with the Machine. The slow curve of the Trolley track cuts through the borderland between urban and rural America, and the spirit of misrule to which its magic wand is connected comes humming out of the rural not the urban source. True, the readers of *The Toonerville Trolley* were, by numbers at any rate, overwhelmingly urban in their tastes and preferences. They may have come from small towns, they may have lived in the suburbs, and they may have felt a cer-

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tain nostalgia for the old rural ways and values as portrayed by James Whitcomb Riley, but they undoubtedly liked to laugh at the hicks, oddballs and monsters who scamper zanily or lumber clumsily through Fox's panels. As audience, they are represented by those side-holding laughers and head-scratching wonderers dressed in business suits and felt hats who stand on the sideline of each exploding, anarchistic episode.

Depending on the psychological critic you read, laughter is cruel or laughter is sane and restorative. Laughter, like the Trolley and the cultural occasions which inspired it, is a complex thing. Perhaps the readers of *The Toonerville Trolley* laughed all the harder because they themselves had so narrowly missed the Great American Fate of becoming another small-town freak, and in laughing they asserted their own suburban normalcy. But when they laughed at the Trolley and its irascible Motorman, they were participating in the very spirit of misrule that those boondock freaks, from Sut Lovingood on down to Li'l Abner, have perpetually symbolized for emerging, modern, schematized and scheduled America. For that reason, if for no other, it is sad, very sad, that the Toonerville Trolley doesn't stop here anymore.

John Seelye

The Great Surrender

Who Runs Congress?

Ralph Nader Congress Project by Mark J. Green, James M. Fallows and David R. Zwick

(Bantam; $1.95)

Who Runs Congress? was put together in less than eight weeks by three of Ralph Nader's most trusted Raiders and facile writers—Mark J. Green, James M. Fallows and David R. Zwick. It is a highly readable and often entertaining cataloguing of congressional sin, arrogance, ineffectiveness and unresponsiveness, but it is unpedantic and, in Mark Green's own words, "makes no attempt at depth." Many young political science professors and lawyers who are team leaders of Nader studies on congressional committees and procedures feared that this book would unfairly and incorrectly anticipate their own substantive findings and proposals. It doesn't. Most of the materials are already familiar to serious Washington-watchers. The book is aimed rather at stirring casual citizens to an awareness, as Nader says in his introduction, of "what they've lost to Congress so that they can take more of it back for the good of themselves, their fellow citizens, and their children. For the people have indeed abdicated their power, their money and their democratic birthright to Congress. As a result, without the participation of the people, Congress has surrendered its enormous authority and resources to special interest groups, waste, insensitivity, ignorance and bureaucracy." Not that the project itself is a casual one. It may indeed be Nader's most ambitious project so far, and has mobilized through the summer and into the fall 1250 volunteers and staff to produce in all 21,000 pages of studies on every aspect of Congress. This 300-page paperback is a small part of the whole but, Nader feels, a crucial one. He hopes that it will do for congressional reform what *Unsafe at Any Speed* has done for auto safety, though he is willing to concede that it is more difficult to get people worked up about a distant institution than bugs in the family car.

Nader makes a persuasive case that the nation is in the midst of a "grave constitutional crisis" stemming from a breakdown of separation and balance of powers. He views Congress as having been constitutionally ordained the preeminent branch of government by virtue of its closeness and accountability to the people and its role as shaper of the other two branches through the creation of agencies and the appointment of judges.

The book details how Congress has abdicated this power to its "three rulers"—committee chairmen, special

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interest groups and the President. Chairmen, perpetuated by seniority and by generous campaign contributions from vested interests, are seen as unassailable because of their tight control of subcommittees and staff, their manipulation of the rules and their ability to bestow favors on lesser members. The lobbies "derive their strategic advantage by controlling the flow of information in and out of Congress." And the President's role as a ruler of Congress is made possible by congressional abdication of its warmaking power, its role as an initiator of bills and of a legislative program, its control of the budget and appropriated funds, and its responsibility to oversee the actions of the executive branch.

These findings are hard to quarrel with, as are the described causes of congressional abdication, the greatest of which is Congress' inability to gather independent information. In fact, each of the three "rulers" of Congress have achieved most of their power by means of accumulating and manipulating information. Committee chairmen can and often do keep members in the dark about the status of major bills and the direction of committee initiatives. Lobbies, with their ability to specialize, overwhelm members who must somehow cover an enormous range of issues. And the executive branch, which outguns the Congress by 4000 computers to one, is often the sole source of information on the programs which it asks the Congress to approve and finance.

Nader wants Congress to become its own independent source of information by hiring more staff; computerizing its operations; making greater use of its own investigative arm, the Government Accounting Office, and resurrecting its watchdog role by once again making oversight hearings a regular congressional function.

A basic reason the Congress does not assert its prerogatives, Nader contends, is that its members put the business of getting reelected ahead of the business of Congress. The spiraling costs of campaigning make members all the more beholden to special interests. And just as insidious is what Nader terms the "trivialization" of the congressional office into a clearinghouse for constituent complaints for the simple reason that careful attention to these complaints has become a proven method of getting reelected. Nader does not belittle the importance of providing this service, but he wants it done by someone other than the members—perhaps

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a congressional ombudsman—so that the members can devote full time to legislation and oversight.

Although Nader assures his reader that the reclaiming and reforming of Congress "should not have to be the equivalent of reaching for the stars," the reader by book's end may well conclude that the task is every bit that astronomical. For that reason, perhaps, the book closes with a chapter on "Taking on Congress: A Primer on Citizen Action." It is actually a condensed version of a "Handbook for Citizens" written by Douglas W. Cassell, Jr., another Nader Raider, and to be published next year as part of the Congress Project.

Nader's call for citizen action suggests such involvement as writing letters that will be read, drafting bills that will be introduced and pursued, organizing community groups that will be heard and challenging congressmen at election time. Not surprisingly, the greatest stress is placed on citizen organization along with the successful lines of Nader-inspired Public Interest Research Groups (PIRGs).

But it is at this point that *Who Runs Congress?* suddenly runs out of steam. Nader's reliance on citizen organization seems inadequate to the task of reforming Congress. So does his proposal—made at a press conference last week announcing the book—that the Congress call itself into special session at the end of next year "for the sole purpose of studying and legislating congressional reform." Both approaches assume that the Congress, as it is presently constituted, is capable of meaningful and basic reform. With all due respect to Mr. Nader, it just doesn't wash, and there are indications that he realizes it.

There is but one way to accomplish the sort of sweeping reforms Nader is seeking in leadership, committee jurisdiction, seniority, rules, campaign finance, interest-group disclosure, office procedures and information gathering. To change the Congress, you must change the members—or at least enough of the members so that the others get the message.

Nader appreciates the power of the citizen's ultimate weapon—his vote—but he seems unwilling to marshal it to the full extent. True, he has caused a furor on Capitol Hill—especially among his liberal congressional friends—by planning to release the Congress project profiles on individual members just three weeks before election day. But he insists that he is not engaging in

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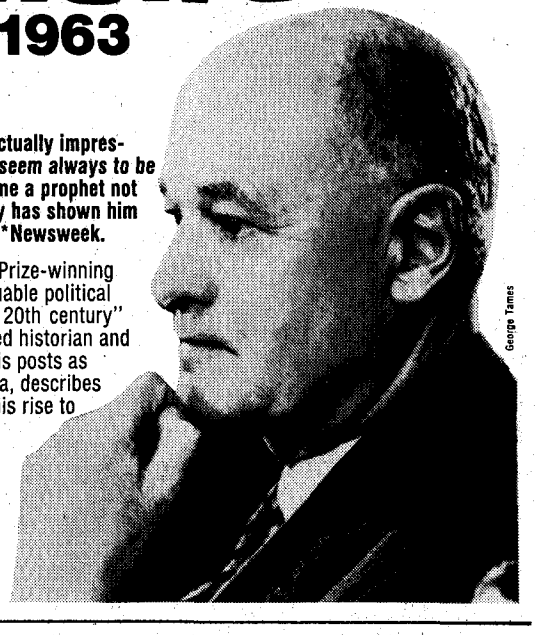
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partisan election politics, but rather simply giving the people a chance to evaluate their legislators during the pre-election period of peak interest in the Congress. The nuance escapes most of the members; many see the timing of the profiles as a challenge to their survival.

Nader has designed the profiles to be objective, not evaluative, because he wants the voter to make up his own mind on whether individual members are deserving of reelection. Influencing voters to vote a certain way, he insists, "does not mix" with organizing them and informing them. But if Environmental Action can name a "Dirty Dozen" congressmen most worthy of defeat on the single issue of conservation (and succeed in knocking off seven of them in 1970 and two already in primaries this year, including House Interior Committee Chairman Aspinall), why can't Ralph Nader name a "Horrible Hundred" on an issue as basic and sweeping as congressional reform?

Nader is a much-feared man on Capitol Hill for the very reason that his credibility is so high among the voters. He should put that credibility to maximum use by exhibiting less profile and more courage on congressional reform.

Paul Leventhal

In Brief

The Dynamics of Creation by Anthony Storr

(Atheneum; $7.95)

Anthony Storr is not, one suspects, clinical enough in his new volume to satisfy professional psychoanalysts; he is certainly not literary enough to satisfy literary critics. He has set out to produce an integrative statement, ranging through the psychic world of artists and other intelligences advertised as creative, and trying to diagnose the many different motives that drive them to creation; but in the process he does not, though he tries to, deviate much from the standard Freudian explanation for creative acts, that they are in one way or another compensatory for failures, unhappinesses, frustrations in "real" life. Nor does he provide what Freud himself was always at great pains to provide–detailed case histories or analyses of literary works to back up

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the diagnoses. So this is a rather superficial work but one that does nonetheless deal wisely with the major issues, such as whether creative genius can ever be regarded as healthy and normal. Storr thinks for example that the Freudian legacy of the creator as sick fantasist needs to be moderated, and though he tends instead to confirm Freud in his early pages by giving us a small gallery of sick-fantasist artists from Ian Fleming to Franz Kafka to look at, he does at the end make a good case for distinguishing between, say, the clinical schizoid or manic-depressive and some "normal" chap who writes an epic to *keep* from being sick sick. He thinks that just as play can be thought of as essentially an adaptive activity (he takes Johann Huizinga's play thesis and gives it biological backing out of the Harlow studies of rhesus monkeys at Wisconsin), so artistic activity is or at least can be a more positive physical and psychic activity than the Freudian notion of sublimation suggests. In short, Storr is trying to take creation out of the sick bay where he feels Freud put it. But so, frequently, did Freud.

Time of Need: Forms of Imagination in the Twentieth Century by William Barrett

(Harper & Row; $10)

William Barrett's *Time of Need*, like his *Irrational Man* over a decade ago, is that rare thing: a useful book. This is not meant condescendingly; *Axel's Castle* and *Mimesis* were as helpful to those of us with the usual "educated" American's instruction in Western literature and languages as *How to Understand the New Science* was to those of us with a year's college mathematics and physics.

Since Barrett is an existential philosopher it is not surprising that his title—and epigraph—which suggests the main theme comes from Heidegger: "to follow the fortunes of Nihilism through some of its expressions in modern art.... The forms of imagination that any epoch produces are an ultimate datum on what that epoch is."

He has chosen to stick to "fairly obvious and representative figures"—Camus, Hemingway, Faulkner, Joyce, Kafka, Beckett, Hesse, Picasso, Henry Moore, Giacometti and, surprisingly, E. M. Forster. The essay-chapters on each are careful exegeses of selective aspects of the artist, perhaps a bit too sensible, as if the outrageousness of the work has shocked him into caution, in spite of the fact that early in the book he writes: "If the images of modern art may sometimes seem extreme to us, they really are not; the extremity is already in us but we have not yet come to recognize it."

The form that is mostly dealt with is the novel and, except for taking Hesse and Forster as seriously as Kafka and Joyce, his careful readings are a delight. One might not think, for example, that another paraphrase of *The Sound and the Fury* could be endured, but Barrett's not only endures but prevails.

Apart from the essays on individuals there is an introduction, inter-chapters and two summary pieces which together could make up a separate small book of the sort that used to be called "The Spirit of the Age" or "Reflections on the End of an Era." Within its self-imposed limits the whole is an excellent introduction to modernism for the reader who has some knowledge of the vocabulary of the movement and is willing to work along with the author.

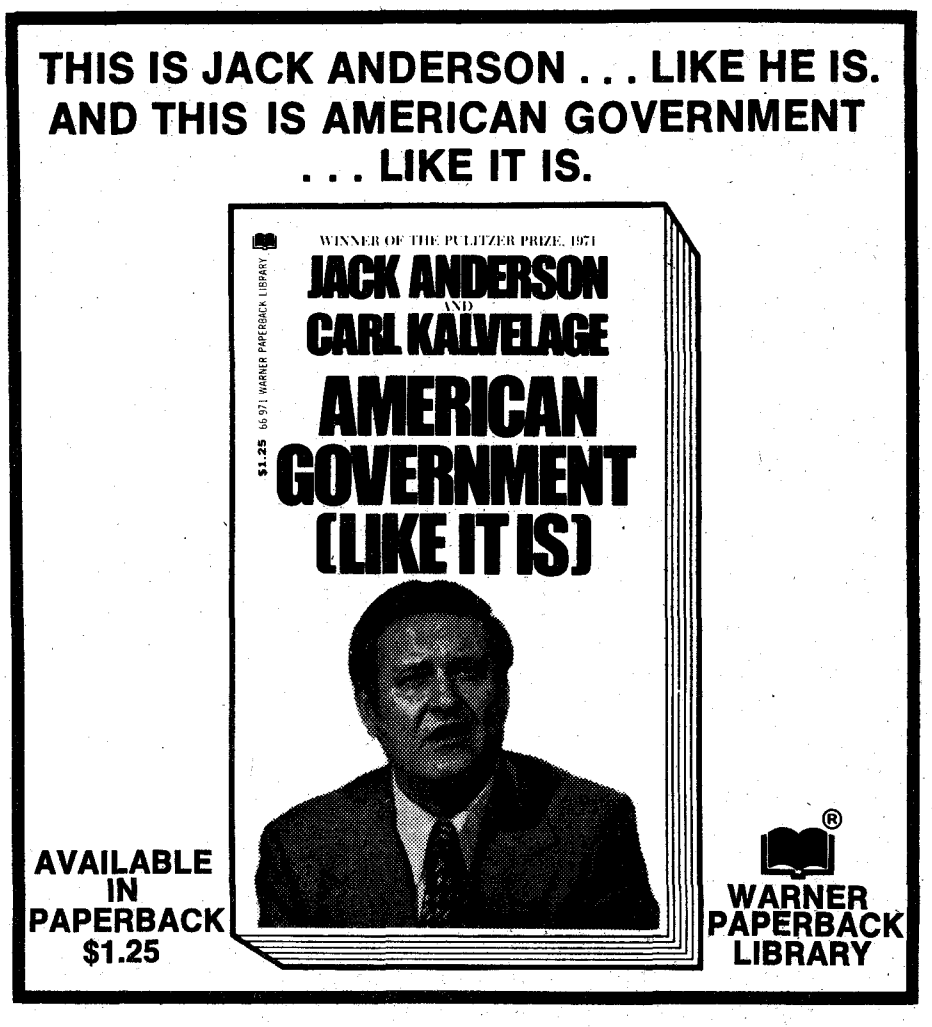
Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas by Hunter Thompson

(Random House; $5.95)

Hunter Thompson, who effectively brought us *Hell's Angels*, tries terribly hard in this book to notarize his reputation as a major cultural outlaw. But this is more hype than book. It needs some

Notes on Contributors

Nicholas Johnson *is a Federal Communications commissioner and author of* Test Pattern for Living *(Bantam).* Gerrit Henry *is an editorial associate with* Art News. John Seelye *teaches English at the University of Connecticut. Editor of* The Hudson Review, Frederick Morgan's *latest book of poetry,* A Book of Change, *will soon be published by Scribners.* Paul Leventhal *is a reporter for* National Journal.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humanity and a better understanding of what time it is.

The book is in the zonked, road-writing tradition of Jack Kerouac, but it lacks Kerouac's bleeding feelings. Despite some hip ironies and several funny episodes, Thompson's world is loveless. People never become more than the one-faced drawings by Ralph Steadman which animate the book. Failing or unable to get beneath what he sees, Thompson is yet another carrier of journalism's current typhus: he transmits surface description as analysis. When you can't perceive, describe.

He is best at providing a few practical drug-culture insights (his original mission in Vegas was a magazine assignment to cover an auto race and a police drug conference, which he and his Samoan attorney do by managing to maintain a permanent high on mescaline, amyl, acid, cocaine, screamers, laughers, etc.). He notes that the police are wasting money making LSD films, "at a time when acid is widely known—to everybody but cops—to be the Studebaker of the drug market." He says, "the big market, these days, is in Downers. Reds and smack—seconal and heroin—and a hellbroth of bad domestic grass sprayed with everything from arsenic to horse tranquilizers. What sells, today, is whatever Fucks You Up—whatever short-circuits your brain and grounds it out for the longest possible time."

Consciousness expansion, he points out, rolled out with LBJ. Downers arrived with Nixon. But all this shall pass. The Reds are destined to have a hitting slump and be replaced by Golds, Pinks or maybe Muddy Grays.

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Pearl Wilmer Ramsey,
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Kauffmann, *from page 22*

former named Zouzou as Chloe. She embodies the idea of availability becoming attraction where there was no attraction to start with, of social competence covering tremendous vulnerability, of a pride that does its own sort of begging. When the husband puts his sweater back on and goes home, we feel it is only partly out of a recognition of where his lovemaking belongs: partly it is out of fright, despite Chloe's cool disclaimers, of acquiring even more responsibility with her.

An actual married couple, Bernard and Françoise Verley, play the husband and wife. He is adequate. She was unimpressive until that last scene, when great portals seemed to open within this mousy girl.

Except for the fantasy sequence, Rohmer has made this film as discreetly as ever. He ruthlessly excludes what doesn't interest him, and has no qualms about lingering a few seconds past conventional theatrical requirements when he feels there is more in front of us than has so far met the eye. His ability to leave things out helps to deepen what he includes. For instance, the lives of the two secretaries in the husband's office are well-drawn for us although we see very little of them. Rohmer's idea of camera technique, something like Bresson's, is not to have much. That last scene on the sofa consists of one medium closeup shot (as I recall), simply held while the husband and wife live before us. He uses the camera as a watcher, not a manipulator.

One reason he succeeds with this approach is that, again, his cinematographer is Nestor Almendros. In these days when most films come out dripping with syrupy colors, like a child let loose in a soda fountain, Almendros is helping to remind us what colors really are. As Rohmer wants to remind us that there is more to sex than coupling, Almendros wants to remind us that there is more to red than Red. His control is as fine here as ever. I noted, in discussing past Rohmer films, how Almendros gets the most out of textile designs. Here the husband goes shopping—in the afternoon—and buys a green checked shirt that, through Almendros, becomes part of the story's texture. One of the most stunning shots that I have seen lately is not a sunset or a battle or a prairie but the young husband sitting in a café, his back to the street, with the street life teeming, plane on plane, far into the distance.

Throughout the picture Rohmer uses street sounds and next-door sounds to complement the planar levels of the camera.

Certainly Rohmer's films have been male-oriented; but so is his church, as its pope reminded us again recently. Certainly there is a certain smugness in the Jansenist comfort at being one of the elect: I left the theater wondering about poor Chloe, still waiting, naked and alone, on that bed. But Rohmer doesn't pretend that his protagonists are noble and altruistic; they are trying to understand themselves, trying to serve the best in themselves. Only for saints does the best for one's self mean losing the self in service of another. I knew a man who married a Chloe, and I have always thought of him as saintly and myself as merely mortal because, some years later, I was glad—for him—when the wife died. For non-saints, (Rohmer is possibly saying) unhappi-

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ness is part of what we know and what we cause.

He has announced that he is not going to make another film until 1975. Whatever lies ahead of him, he has already made a substantial contribution to the cinema of our time, to the connection of cinema with our time.

Sounder is a clumsy, homiletic film about black sharecroppers in the '30s, but Cicely Tyson gives a strong performance as the wife—comparable with Nobuko Ottowa as the farmwoman in Shindo's *The Island.*

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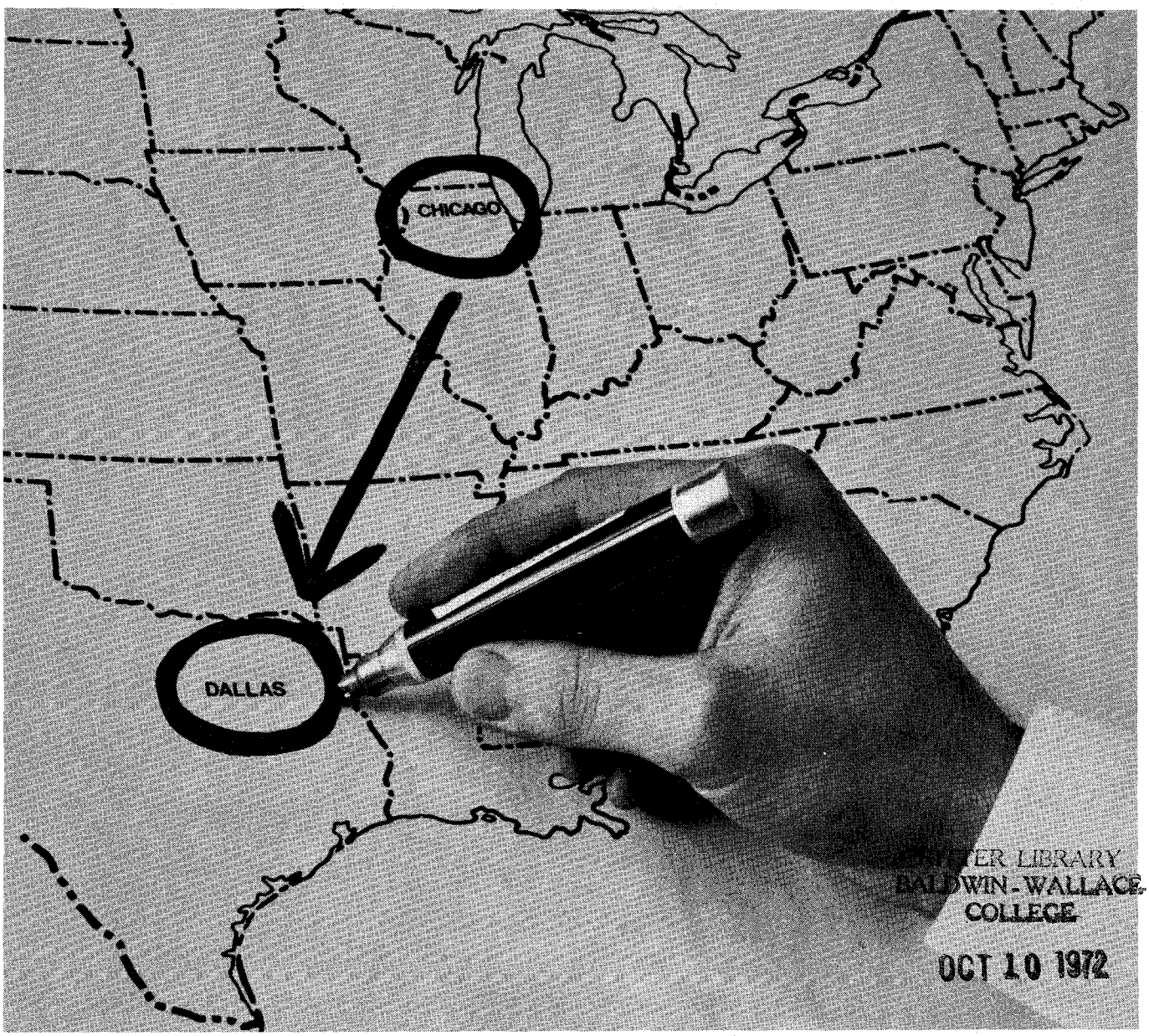

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